"THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CRISIS" IN THIS NUMBER

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JANUARY 9TH 1904

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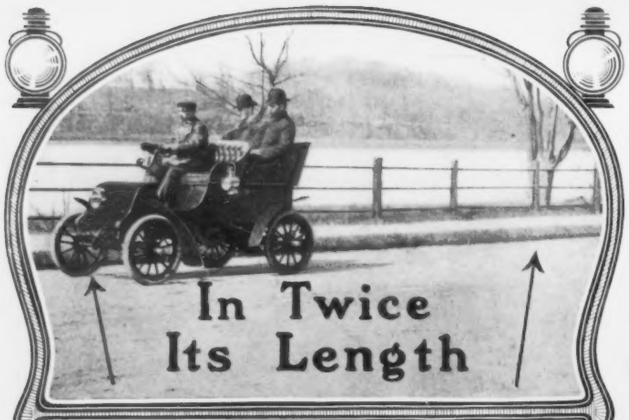

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SCENE IN RANDOLPH STREET HALF AN HOUR AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE

BODIES OF THE VICTIMS HEAPED IN FRONT OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE THEATRE

THE IROQUOIS THEATRE DISASTER IN CHICAGO

THE NEWEST AND COSTLIEST PLAYHOUSE OF CHICAGO WAS CROWDED ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 30, WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN, AT A MATINEE PERFORMANCE OF "MR. BLUEBEARD." FIRE BROKE OUT ON THE STAGE, STAMPEDING THE 1800 PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE. IN LESS THAN AN HOUR 600 WERE DEAD AND 135 INJURED IN THE PANIC THAT ENSUED

(See Page 10)

EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY, according to a Leipzig paper, has in President ROOSEVELT, "met its master. He is a type of the advancing Americanism, as clever as he is unscrupulous, as powerful as he is sly." This grotesque view, not infrequent on the Continent, has been applied to the Panama difficulty by foreign critics as assiduously as by our home opposition. Imagine them reading an account somewhat like the following: President ROOSEVELT had comparatively little to do with the recognition of Panama. His temperament might have been suited if Colombia and Panama had been allowed to get into a war, and we had then preserved order by slaughter instead of in peace. He might not have regretted Colombia's intentional delay, in order to destroy the French franchise, or the consequent interference of France, and the MONROE Doctrine showing its teeth. But Mr. HAY has no predilection for warfare. His business is not drumming for strenuous life. He therefore decided to settle a situation before it grew dangerous. "We need the canal," was not the cause of our interference half so much as "We want no conditions created which mean serious trouble in the future." Secretary HAY's was doubtless the controlling mind, and it does not work melodramatically. As to the treaty, constitutional experts are still puzzling over that, and if we stretched its meaning, the wrench was at least not flagrant. So far from American diplomacy being unscrupulous, it has lately moved on the highest plane of any nation, and Mr. HAY has been scolded by interested foreigners with being afraid of force—with being merely a writer of despatches. As a matter of fact, there is just one distinguishing element of our diplomacy at present, and that is a certain natural frankness in expression. We know that Colombia is not a State, in the sense that Switzerland and Germany are States, and we are tempted, however improperly, to say as diplomats what we know as men. We knew months ago that if Colombia rejected the canal treaty there would be trouble in Panama. All the world knew it, through the newspapers. The diplomatic task of pretending not to know it is uncongenial to our temperament. Abetting it is another thing, for which absolutely no evidence has been produced. The result of investigating our proceedings on the Isthmus is being just what Senator HOAR said he hoped it would be. It is increasing our credit and clearing away suspicion. When the story is finally and calmly narrated, Secretary HAY, instead of losing, will be seen to have added one more astute, wise, and cautious act to a list already long.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

WHATEVER HAPPENS IN ASIA, the Western World's attention must be bent upon that continent until its fate is settled. Every nation will want strong men henceforth as ambassadors in China and Japan, for, even since the cable and the newspaper have shorn the ambassador of power, his influence in crises is often vast. When Japan, after defeating China, was warned away from Korea by Russia, France, and Germany, she appealed, as a last hope, to England's Minister. Had he been a man of force, the course of Eastern history might have changed. He communicated with London, Lord ROSEBERY fell in with the other powers, and Japan's heart was broken. Had such a man as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN been either Ambassador or Prime Minister, the outcome would hardly have been the same. Were Mr. CHAMBERLAIN Prime Minister to-day, England's position would probably have been more unmistakable from the first. His influence has apparently been felt, however indirectly, through his friend Mr. BALFOUR, who naturally inherited the hopeless Chinese policy of his uncle, but has undoubtedly received some stiffening from association with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The German Emperor is in sympathy with his brother in divinity, the Czar. France occupies a hard position, allied to Russia and nourishing an entente with England. Our sympathies are unmistakable, and, although neutrality must be our initial policy, accident might bring us into participation in a general war at any moment. Meantime poor China, the general prize, looks on blankly, helpless, for the present, in outgrown modes. What the future holds for her we shall be long in knowing. Recent accounts tell of the gradual decay of Confucianism among the educated, due to the dawning sense that the Confucian classics are of small value from the commercial standpoint, and commerce to-day rules civilization, as well as war and peace. Nations fight for money gains, but they refrain from fighting because of the money cost; and education and industry become allies. Let China once begin to awake, as Japan has awakened, to the modern spirit, and the whole face of Asia may be changed. To-day it is Russia against Japan. Yet a little while and the pieces of glass may make another picture in the swiftly changing Orient.

IN THE ORIENT

THE MISSOURI SUPREME COURT continues to render decisions which a large number of honest citizens regard as mere protection for the boodlers through whose favors some of the judges enjoy their present stations and their future hopes. The BUTLER case, protecting the guilty boss by reversing the practice of years, has been followed by the State *vs.* Bonner, which makes it necessary to retry five or six of the boodle cases which had reached the Supreme Court and were waiting to be argued. Moreover, it looks as if they had incidentally freed a good part of the criminal population of Missouri, since the principle of their decision would seem to reverse a couple of thousand cases. Some lawyers interpret their action as a *pis aller*, this wholesale effect being a necessary evil consequence of the only way they could discover to save their friends. To reach the result, they have apparently reversed their own decisions, in State *vs.* Kyle, State *vs.* Pohl, and State *vs.* Jones, the opinion in the last case being written by the very judge who now writes the contrary opinion. The judges and prosecuting officers who have been endeavoring to follow the former decisions are now in a rather hopeless predicament. Public opinion is likely to treat the BONNER case as it has already treated the BUTLER case, deeming it a gross blow to honorable jurisprudence, and thus strengthening the political movement to strike at the root of the difficulty by electing a Governor who, with a Legislature in accord, will put an end to a condition which enables good citizens to look upon their courts as actors in a farce.

MISSOURI JUSTICE

SHERLOCK HOLMES COMPLAINS that sensational cases have disappeared from the London newspapers. "From the point of view of the criminal expert," the detective lamented, as related by Dr. WATSON in "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder," "London has become a singularly uninteresting city since the death of the late lamented Professor MORIARTY. . . . With that man in the field, one's morning paper presented infinite possibilities." Mr. HOLMES admitted, however, as our readers well remember, that what was his misfortune was the community's advantage. His view of the facts is strikingly borne out by the following statistics from an apparently trustworthy source: Within the metropolitan police district of London, which comprises 688 square miles and has a population of 6,500,000, there were committed in 1902 only twenty murders. In four cases the murderers committed suicide. In all the others they were discovered and arrested by the police. Thirteen of them were tried by the courts within the same year, nine being hanged, and four adjudged insane. If Scotland Yard does as well as this, Mr. LESTRADE must be showing improvement. We can hardly believe that the death of MORIARTY is a sufficient explanation. The London police and the London judiciary together are such a remarkably effective protection to the British metropolis that the famous private detective is hardly needed, and ought to go to towns more harassed by crime. Take Chicago, for instance. There the murder, even of a policeman, attracts but mild attention, and in any large American city murderers go unpunished to an extent that must make our system of justice seem amateurish to London. We, therefore, very seriously suggest to Mr. SHERLOCK HOLMES that, for a time, at least, he trust London to LESTRADE, and see what he can do for his cousins across the sea.

MURDER IN LONDON

READERS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE and of CONAN DOYLE must be struck by likeness and no less striking contrast. A writer of stories about inductive detective exploits would be as little apt to draw nothing from POE as a writer of adventure would be to avoid altogether the influence of the first DUMAS. The resemblances alluded to will be made sufficiently visible by a comparison of "The Gold-Bug" with "The Adventure of the Dancing Men." The differences are not less salient. POE was a many-sided genius, gifted with a sense which brought a new note into style, and with so many original conceptions that he dropped off only a few tales of each particular kind, the most famous among those describing feats of ratiocination being "The Gold-Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Purloined Letter." CONAN DOYLE, on the other hand, is most notable, not for literary qualities, but for having brought to the detective story, which was begun by POE, an ingenuity surpassing that of any of the many other writers, English and French, now engaged in the invention of that popular form of entertainment; and, even more important, for having invested his detective with real personality; for SHERLOCK HOLMES is the most thoroughly created character since DICKENS, in the sense that he is the most widely known and accepted as a real person. Thus these two men

DOYLE AND POE

stand at the two ends of the history of detective fiction. POE was the inventor, the original literary genius, and DOYLE is the man who, in the mass of subsequent detective fiction, has brought the interest to a focus in one attractive and remarkable embodiment, and held it by his wonderfully unflagging invention. The strange genius is having his posthumous reward, and our contemporary novelist is taking his in full measure while yet alive.

WHILE FRANCE IS PURIFYING HERSELF in the retrial of the DREYFUS case, Germany imprisons Lieutenant BILSE for criticising the army in his novel, "In a Little Garrison Town," although at the same time the Government admits the truth of his exposures by punishing the officers whom he attacks. Lieutenant BILSE may have deserved his fate, but the incident is a reminder of happenings not long past, which point the difference between a country in which, in spite of military needs, public opinion is in ultimate control, and one where, although the people are liberal and enlightened, the system of government is despotic. If we knew only of the military ethics of Germany, of flagrant murder because of a failure to salute, of the Emperor's encouragement of dueling and coarse barbaric honor, we might think poorly of the German people's progress. Their accomplishments, however, in the realms of industry and intellect, would make such a judgment absurd, and the rapid gain of the Liberal party, or so-called Socialists, in the face of firmly established absolutism, upheld by a monarch of great ability, points to a time, not far off, when the army will be no longer the sacred tool of a sacred emperor, but a servant of the State, with obligations, among its individuals, like those of other citizens. Public opinion became free in France by a portentous revolution which taught the world a lesson. What remains of German despotism will vanish, without doubt, by the peaceful pressure of the people's will.

MILITARY CONTRASTS

MR. BRYAN'S DEMEANOR ABROAD is treated with forced and persistent laughter by those organs in the press which happen to be his political opponents. Is this application of the partisan spirit altogether necessary? Mr. BRYAN's conduct on the other side has been admirable, and has been properly appreciated by his hosts. He has behaved not as a politician, with certain principles to exploit, but as a serious American, interested in all he could learn about other governments and glad to discuss his own country with as little bias as might be. His reports have shown that his ability as a correspondent is not remarkable, but they have been well-meaning and fair. He gives the same emphasis to the arguments and talents of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, to whom he is presumably opposed, that he gives to the Liberal arguments against protection. "Are you going to take it lying down?" say Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the believers in retaliation. "Are you going to hide behind a wall?" reply Lord GOSCHEN and the descendants of COBDEN. Mr. BRYAN listened to both sides, with an ear opened to the picturesque, and this detached attitude must do him a world of good. He will probably come back with less of the feeling that it is his duty, or his necessity, to see only one side of many-sided questions. Foreigners have enjoyed him because he was representative of fresh Western Americanism, and, at least in casual relations, they are more likely to enjoy that type than the cultivated Eastern type, which is more like themselves. They breathe freshness from a man like Mr. BRYAN, and he learns intellectual ripeness and tolerance from them.

FAIRNESS TO BRYAN

TOO MUCH CITY LIFE makes impossible the child's best bringing up. "No," wrote Mrs. SULLIVAN, the teacher of HELEN KELLER, in 1887, "I don't want any more kindergarten materials. I used my little stock of beads, cards, and straws at first because I didn't know what else to do. . . . I am beginning to suspect all elaborate and special systems of education. They seem to me to be built up on the supposition that every child is a kind of idiot who must be taught to think." If the child is left to himself, Miss SULLIVAN believes, he will think more and better, if less showily. Moving about freely among real things, combining impressions for himself, he will have more growth than "sitting indoors at a little round table, while a sweet-voiced teacher suggests that he build a stone wall with his wooden blocks." Moving about, observing, and experiencing for himself is only slightly possible in a crowded city, and hence the kindergarten's increase of popularity among the observant. Its value rests less upon anything that is taught than upon the natural intercourse of children at play. The "sweet-voiced teacher," if a good one, seems to guide as little as possible. Nobody to-day sets any value upon precocity,—which means acquiring at one age the modes of thought which belong to another. We wish children to be children—a desire which is harder to execute, and requires more contrivances, in the city than in the country. Hence the kindergarten, which is better than solitary bringing up, but a poor substitute for the social sports and enjoyment together of animals and nature which are open to the country child. How many of our great men have been brought up altogether, or mainly, in the city?

CHILDREN AND THE COUNTRY

THE INTERESTING LEADER of the Democrats in the House many times suggests the Prime Minister of England, although we believe Mr. WILLIAMS nurses the conviction that Englishmen are distasteful to him. Mr. WILLIAMS has, what is rare in American Legislatures, an expressive and daring fair-mindedness. In proclaiming that our prosperity is independent of Republican measures, he can also proclaim that it is independent of Democratic measures. His position on Panama called the country's attention to the ease with which he wears his party label. He is graceful in admitting errors, and he is by no means remarkable in accuracy of detail. In his languid and provokingly good-tempered manner there is, of course, a more obvious, if somewhat more superficial, resemblance to the British Premier. Both, it is a pleasure to narrate, are free of any suspicion about their motives and their records, though this distinction makes Mr. WILLIAMS stand apart more saliently in our House than it does Mr. BALFOUR in the Commons. Each went some distance into life before doing active work in politics. Both have the kind of intelligence to which political questions are one part of life's complex workings, rather than the heart of everything. Mr. BALFOUR is half a dozen years older and has had nearly twice as long a Parliamentary experience. If the improvement of Mr. WILLIAMS equals that of Mr. BALFOUR, he should be a stronger man when his career has reached its top. One marked superiority, for American taste, he has, in humor, so distinctively native in quality and persistence that it contains often a suggestion of the greatest political master of that weapon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN would have been glad to use Mr. WILLIAMS's banana illustration, or to have said, when he was corrected in a flagrant error, that his consolation lay in knowing that when a fellow on his side of the House was in error he found few followers, but when a leader on the other side was in error his party followed him like sheep; as he would have been glad, more seriously, to say, as Mr. WILLIAMS said the other day, when urged not to support an Administration bill, "I do not care about the source of a measure, if it is right."

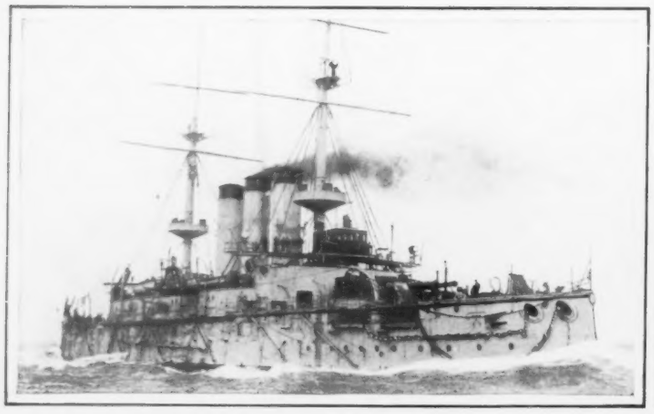
BALFOUR AND WILLIAMS

THERE IS NO ESCAPE. Our protests against receiving our spiritual guidance from the Standard Oil Company fall on barren soil; the flow of superhuman goodness and charity is unimpeded. And we not only have the pious family's sermons themselves, but highly colored descriptions of how the elder ROCKEFELLER praised enthusiastically another man's preaching from First Timothy 6:10: "For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil: which some reaching after have been led astray from the faith and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows." We hope the ROCKEFELLERS, father and son, read COLLIER'S, and will grant our modest petition that they preach some Sabbath to their Sunday-school on this newspaper verse as a text:

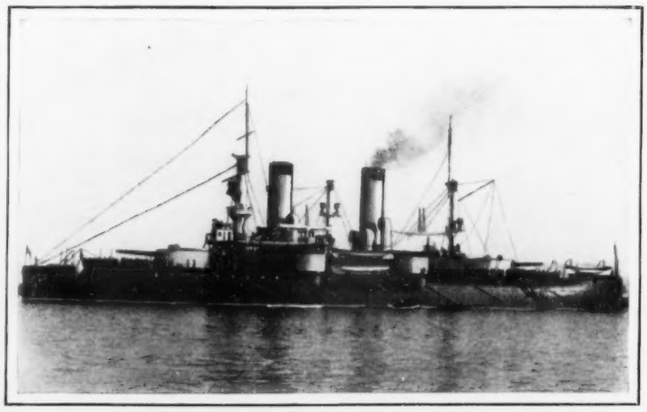
ROCKEFELLER SERMONS AGAIN

> "Our great men burned the midnight oil
> In youth o'er tasks severe;
> But that was in the good old days
> When oil was not so dear."

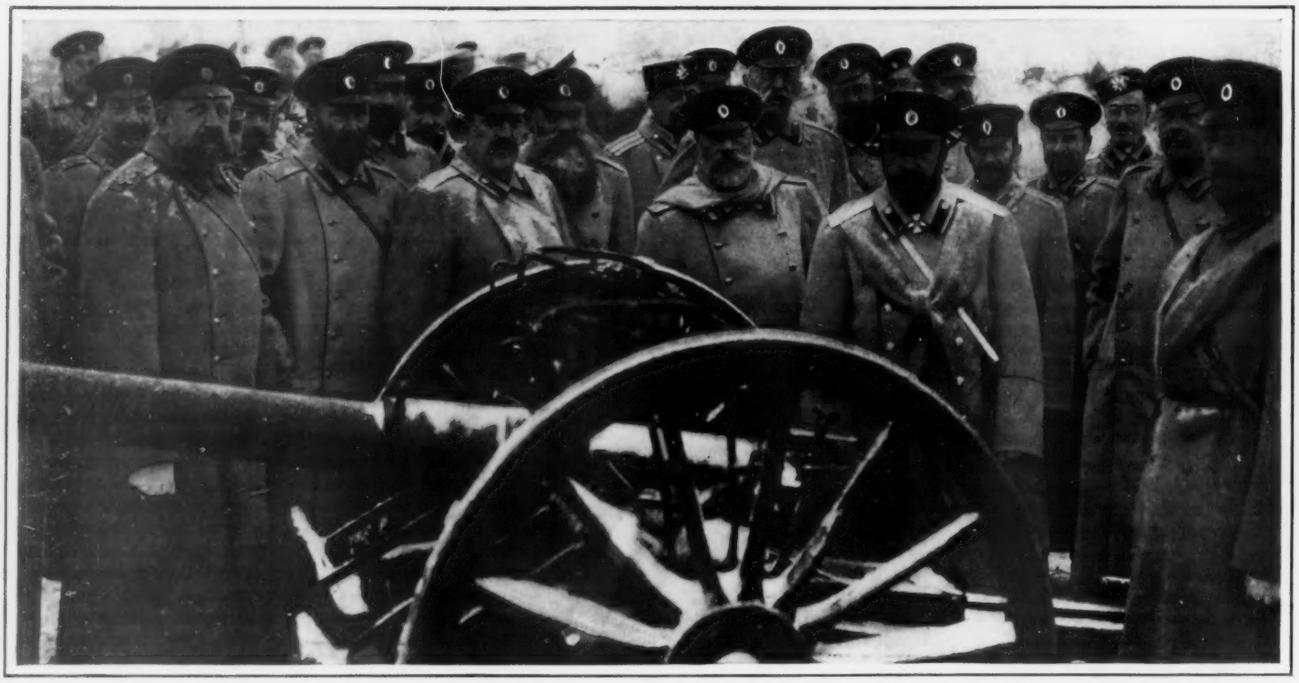
That sermon would make a glaring success. Just as Mr. ROCKEFELLER tells his hearers to beware of selfishness and the cruel strife for gold, he might, with the same detached nobility of spirit, warn them against raising the price of oil if they ever have the opportunity. The cartoonists, with their instinctive sense for truth, usually picture this religious financier with a halo about his head. If halos drew their light from oil, no saint could afford a brighter one. Noble preacher. Long may you live to don a solemn visage and tell the youth of our honest land the dangers of adoring wealth and the horrors of pushing our own gain to the cost of our fellow men. Tell them also how contemptible a sin is hypocrisy, and warn them never to take unfair or cruel advantage of their competitors, never to corrupt Legislatures, never to wring needless millions from necessities of the poor, and, to go one step further, explain how beneath contempt it is, how sacrilegious and mean, to heap obloquy upon Christianity by preaching its truth and beauty with an insincerity so patent that the world is aghast at excess of insolence.



The Japanese Barbette Ship "Shikishima," Carrying 4 12-Inch, 14 6-Inch Quick-firing, 28 Minor Guns, and 750 Men



The Russian Turret Ship "Petropavlovsk," which Cost $5,500,000, and is Similar in Equipment of Ordnance and Men to the "Shikishima"



GENERAL KOUROPATKIN (THE SHORT OFFICER IN THE CENTRE, BEHIND THE GUN), RUSSIA'S MINISTER OF WAR, WITH OFFICERS OF THE GENERAL STAFF

Vice-Admiral Ito, the Foremost Naval Officer of Japan

Admiral Alexieff (to the left), in Command of all the Russian Forces in the Far East, Reviewing Troops at Port Arthur

Vice-Admiral Inouye, a Tried Veteran of the Japanese Navy

THE TOWERING FIGURES OF THE FAR-EASTERN CONTENTION

MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS IN WHOSE HANDS LIE THE DESTINIES OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN

SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S EVENTS

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CRISIS

THE man who judges things by weight, bulk and dollars may well wonder at Japanese temerity. To Japan, with her 147,000 square miles, the annexation of Korea, with 82,000 square miles, means what the annexation of Mexico would to the United States. To Russia, with 8,666,000 square miles, it means less than Southern California to us. Considering the increase in Russia's area in the last hundred years, Manchuria with 366,000 square miles, represents scarcely five years' regular work at land-grabbing.

COUNT W. N. LAMSDORF
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs

Russia's population is 140,000,000; Japan's, 44,000,000. In Russia, to the square mile there are 15 persons; in Japan, 296. Russia's annual expenditure is, roughly, $1,000,000,000; Japan's, $135,000,000. Russia's army costs $150,000,000 a year; Japan's, $19,000,000. On a peace footing the Russian army has 1,000,000 officers and men; the Japanese, 175,000. On a war footing, the Russian 4,600,000 and the Japanese 675,000. In other words, Russia has to-day regularly under arms 325,000 more officers and men than the total of Japanese regulars and reserves.

These are amazing figures. They add picturesqueness to a contest of strength between the most Occidental of Oriental nations and the most Oriental of Occidental nations. But they do not tell the whole story.

Though Japan has only one-third the population of her rival, she publishes as many books every year; and, despite the concentration of her population, which permits of the wide circulation of her city dailies, she publishes as many newspapers. The percentage of her people who can read and write is about equal to that of our own New England States. In schools and colleges she has 5,000,000 pupils and students, or one in every nine of the population, where Russia has only one in every thirty-five. In fact, Japan, with her 44,000,000 people, probably has more subjects who can read and write than Russia with her 140,000,000.

Russia is the Christian nation which has been slowest in development. Mentally, she is just out of the Dark Ages, equipped with the mechanical progress of modern times. Japan is the pagan nation which has been foremost in adopting the worldly essentials of a civilization which is Christian in its origin. Russia is a union of nomadic races, but lately ushered into feudalism, which have, in turn, conquered many other races. Japan has had a stable, organized government longer than England, and the Japanese were a free people when the Saxons were the serfs of the Normans. The house of Romanoff, three hundred years on the throne, is a parvenu beside the unchanging line of Mikados descended from the Emperor Jimmu, who ruled when Rome was a century old. The Czar is a pope; the Mikado is divinity itself. If the Jews were still a nation and a descendant of Moses were their king, he would mean to them what the Mikado means to the Japanese.

For all the centuries of the nation's existence, the Japanese had known no acquisition of territory. The Russians have lived by this. They are rulers; they rule the Poles, who are a far more brilliant people than they, but who could not even rule themselves. They have given nothing to mechanical progress, but they have used its products, the railroad and the rifle, to carry them almost to the doorway of Peking. The reformation awakened in Japan the spirit of "benevolent assimilation," and a realization that she must have more room for her growing population or perish. In '94 and '95, thanks to modern methods, Japan occupied Korea and the Liao-tung Peninsula, and had Peking at her mercy, when Russia, France, and Germany stayed her hand.

Both nations, then, are borrowers. Their artillery, their men-of-war, and their field telegraphs are no more a part of their own development than the Creusot guns, which pounded the British in South Africa, were of Boer civilization. Not since the Turks carved their way as far as the walls of Vienna, has an Oriental race presumed to meet a Northern race on its own ground. Every bizarre element that appeals either to the ear or to the eye enters into those negotiations upon which depends the momentous question of whether the Pacific shall be a Slav lake or not.

In the last few weeks we have heard many rumors from the Far East, and many surmises from high authorities, when, in fact, there was very little news indeed. Russian diplomacy is always mysterious, and Japanese diplomacy is easily misunderstood. Our surprise over the coolness and the patience of the Japanese Government is fully as ridiculous to the Japanese as a New Zealander's surprise over the conservatism of the House of Lords would be to the average Englishman. In the old days when a Japanese gentleman committed hari-kari, the finest tribute to his quality was his ability to sheath his blade after he had disemboweled himself. The old *samurai* was the pink of courtesy, even when he drew his sword. Always he was calm before his adversary. When the Anglo-Japanese alliance was formed, the English feared that they had tied their fortunes to a volatile people; for the Northern races can not understand how anybody with black hair and olive skin can be other than excitable.

When Russia thwarted Japan's plans in 1895, the returning officers had a saying: "We will go back in a few years, when we are ready." That was characteristic of Japanese foresight and preparedness, which set them without question to fashion their army on the German plan. Japan had won Korea by conquest; she had taken Port Arthur; she had placed her legions fairly across the path of the glacial approach of Russia before the Manchurian railway was started; she had said to England: "This is what we have done for you against the approach of the Slav." And Rosebery would not pay the price of a cablegram to see Port Arthur in friendly hands!

MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO
Japan's Foremost Statesman

"It was then we learned," said a Japanese statesman, "that there was no sentiment in the sisterhood of the great Powers. We saw that one day we must have Korea or stifle for want of room. As the first premise of our policy, we set ourselves to the building of a navy which should ever be superior to the Russian Asiatic squadron. We proposed to show the other Powers that we were not brawlers or highwaymen; that temperately and calmly we should insist on our rights. From that purpose, despite the change of ministries, we have never vacillated."

It was Japanese diplomacy that forced Russia to name a date for the evacuation of Manchuria. She named October 8, 1903. The Japanese Foreign Office never took the attitude of scouting Russia's good faith. When Russia broke her word, the time for action had come. She then made representations to Russia. The terms of Russia's answer we know only by report; but it is said that she left Manchuria entirely out of the question and demanded an equal say in Korea. This reply was the first suggestion to the civilized world that war was really a probability. It showed that the war party was supreme in St. Petersburg or else that Russia was proceeding with the familiar game of an exorbitant demand as an aid to a final bargain.

Still Japan kept her temper. She asked Russia to reconsider. How far this request was an ultimatum no one knows. Two such self-contained empires can keep their own secrets. The reasons why Japan should make war soon if she is to fight at all are clear. The Japanese fleet can have no augmentation in the immediate future except by the purchase of vessels built or building for small nations which are willing to sell. While the Russian reinforcements on the way will not throw the balance in Russia's favor, they mean more weight of metal to contend with. As for the Japanese army, it can not be increased without making her warlike intentions too plain to her adversary. Technically, she must now be as ready as she can be within the next two or three years. But this is looking at the matter from the outside, and it is from the outside that we get most of our news. It would be unwise for Japan not to wait six months or a year to assure the active support of England. The purchase of two Chilian battleships by the British Admiralty over the heads of the Russians, was significant. There are signs that England is again going to play a strong hand in the East. An empire must always be on the move

THE STRATEGIC CENTRE IN THE FAR EAST

The power which can hold the port of Masampho will possess the key to the situation in the Korean Peninsula. A railroad, which the Japanese Government has just undertaken to complete, leads from Seoul, the capital, to that point. Masampho can be reached from Shimonoseki, Japan, in 12 hours by transports or men-of-war. Port Arthur, the Russian stronghold in Manchuria, also lies convenient for a descent upon the same territory

forward or backward; it can not stand still. The Soudan and the Transvaal Republic are hers at last. The British advance into Thibet suggests that no sooner has Britain settled her difficulties in one quarter than she advances in another. The conduct of Japan has shown her worthy of reliance. What has

NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA

passed between the Foreign Offices of the allies is as important to an understanding of the situation as what has passed between the Foreign Offices of the adversaries.

To the outsider, again, it seems folly that Russia should hazard war except to keep Manchuria. One would think that she would be confident that she could safely give the Japanese Korea for fifty or a hundred years, and make the course of her "glacial approach" toward Peking. If she really believes in her growing numbers and wealth, she should feel that in the end the Korean plum must fall into her basket. Those who know their Russia well will be skeptical of bloodshed until the first shot is fired.

Russia has won little by war in modern times. Her recent greatness is due to her assimilative advances in which she has been pitted against savage and semi-savage people. You can not go into a Russian gathering to-day without meeting some one who bewails the loss of his family fortune as a result of the Crimean War. Russia's debt before the Crimea was $700,000,000; to-day it is $3,400,000,000.

But the view of the outsider is always abstract. It does not take into consideration either national self-respect, racial prejudices, or domestic irritants. It may also underestimate the value of Masampho, a little town with a fine harbor, at the very end of Korea. Masampho is to Korea what Key West is to Florida, with Japan in much the same relative position as Cuba. However little value our navy may place on Florida, Key West is the apple of its eye. Once Masampho is in Japanese hands, Japan will control the straits by which all ships must go and come to Vladivostok. To Russia, Masampho means an ice-free naval station, a central point from which to strike in any direction in the China Sea and an outpost of sea power at Japan's very door.

Russia's Contempt for Japan

The Russian bureaucracy has for the Japanese a contempt which is more than shared by the Russian army in their view of Japanese arms. This would not be as likely, however, to overthrow Russian judgment as the meddling of the hated England. There is, too, a growing public opinion in Russia which would resent an open backdown, while the unrest among the masses would be increased by a sign of weakness in a Czar whose vacillation and inability to be the master of his ministry has made him a disappointment to the nation.

For five years Russia has been pouring money into Manchuria. In her budget of last year, under the head of extraordinary expenditure is $90,000,000 for railway building, and under the head of ordinary expenditure, For Ways of Communication, $230,000,000. The vast sum spent on Dalny, which was to be the foremost port of the East, was wasted. The trade that was expected has not materialized; the settlers and merchants who were to make Manchuria profitable have not come. The reaction against the industrial policy, of which De Witte was the incarnation, resulted in his overthrow. The old-school Russian, now in the ascendant, says that the cure for the evils is more land and more ports. Will the Czar accept their diagnosis?

For the occupation of Korea, Japan is as fully prepared in all the details, from ammunition and food to transportation and corps organization, as the average newspaper plant is for the issue of its daily edition. She knows the vessels that she is going to use as transports, and what companies will occupy them. Korea is as carefully mapped in offices of the General Staff in Tokio, as France is in the office of the German General Staff. Japan is small but she is a catapult. Her troops are all on three small islands in the hollow of her hand, as it were. They are prepared for the work she has for ten years been expecting to do. Her navy, which will fight at her own doors, is a unit on one sea. The Emergency Ordinance of December 28th, creating a war council and investing the Government with unlimited means for military defence, seemed only a part of a policy of cool determination to be ready rather than an irritant or a threat.

A Strategic Railway

The passing of credits by the Ministry at the same time for the immediate completion of the Seoul-Fusan road was done not in the way of asserting her rights in Korea, but of merely confirming them. This road runs from the heart of Korea to its southern extremity, only a half day's run across the straits to Japan. When it is completed, Japanese troops can be put in the Korean capital inside of two days. Once the sea is clear of Russian ships, the occupation of Korea without opposition seems a foregone conclusion. The mountain passes on its northern frontier are easy of defence. Probably twenty thousand men with adequate artillery could hold them against the whole Russian force in Manchuria. Korea secure, would Japan invade Manchuria? Upon that issue, rather than upon the occupation of Korea, depends the possibility of one of the bloodiest wars in history.

The old idea that the army that must cross the seas to fight was at a disadvantage might be entirely exploded by a Japanese campaign. To the student of military transportation the South African War had two striking results. The first was the rapidity with which Great Britain, though two weeks distant by sea, was able to throw her troops into the Transvaal. The second was the heavy forces required to defend a railroad that lay in the enemy's country. Three-fourths of Kitchener's army was engaged in keeping the lines of communication intact, with only one-fourth left for fighting. The railroad, which seems to make transit in war easy over great distances, at the same time requires that those great distances be patrolled. With the sea clear of the enemy's ships transports can go and come, guarded by a cruiser or by only their own

JUTARO KOMURA

Japanese Secretary of Foreign Affairs

rapid-fire guns. Port Arthur itself is less than three days by steamer from Japan. Transports can bring their supplies from the home base without interference, while one stick of dynamite would be sufficient to blow up a railroad bridge, which might not be repaired for a week.

In the days of Napoleon cutting the line of communications meant capturing a convoy or bringing a sufficient force to bear to prevent the forwarding of supplies. A half-dozen cavalrymen could not tear up the very highway by which the wagons traveled as they can to-day. The forces at Port Arthur must

MUTSUHITO, MIKADO OF JAPAN

draw their supplies from Russia if the Japanese blockade them on the sea. A first premise is the guarding of the eighteen hundred miles of railroad in Manchuria itself. China has thirty thousand well-trained troops under Japanese officers. These already lie on the Russian flank. Japan can supply them or whatever irregulars may serve with them with skilful leadership. They are enduring; they can march rapidly; they can live off the country.

If China should join hands with Japan it means that not less than seventy-five thousand Russian troops will be needed to guard the railroad alone; it means, moreover, that Japan may land in friendly territory and march upon Port Arthur from the flank. To those who have observed the mobility and the spirit of Japanese columns in an actual campaign, the aggressive unity of their organization in contrast with the phlegm and go-as-you-please methods of the Russian, the placing of Russia on the defensive in Manchuria seems easy; for Japan can certainly land five hundred thousand men on the Liao-tung Peninsula before Russia can bring half as many from Moscow. But when the Russian infantryman comes to lying behind breastworks, then all modern conditions tell in his favor. One man with a magazine rifle in a trench is worth at least six outside. If the Russian physique is too ponderous to seize quickly and act quickly on opportunities for advance; if the general is not inclined to charge until after he has had his tea, the same quality makes him hold doggedly to any position he has once occupied.

To the world at large the Russo-Japanese War will be a great object-lesson in what might be called utility of official honesty as opposed to official graft. In the days when Hastings laid the foundations of British power in India; in Wellington's and Nelson's time indeed, the standard of honesty was much lower than it is to-day in the British services. Graft in the Russian army and navy is a matter of course. When the allies were in Peking, if the Russian general bought supplies, he always had twenty per cent (which went to himself) added to the regular bill.

Russia Justifies Corruption

On this principle of tolls for those high in office rests the whole fabric of Russian offence and defence. But the Russian declares that this is only another way of paying salaries, and that his ships and his rifles are nevertheless all right. Certainly it is a kind of corruption that must not be confounded with that of Spain, where the officers put their money for their privates' food and clothes into their own pockets. You never see a Russian soldier who is not sufficiently nourished or fed or clothed or who is not living in warm barracks.

Both Japanese services are absolutely free from graft. This is the result of the old *samurai* chivalry. Every dollar paid out has gone for the purposes for which it was intended. If guns or ships are bad, faulty judgment and not cupidity is responsible.

THE NEW YEAR ON THE ISTHMUS

THE young and pliable Panama Republic still supplies news topics of lively interest to its foster-parent, Uncle Sam. During the last month General Reyes has fought the cause of Colombia at Washington with peaceful weapons, while from the Isthmus has come a contradictory succession of alarms of threatened invasions, hostile clashes, war. The United States Government has maintained its rôle of armed peace-maker, determined to keep Colombian troops out of Panama territory.

If they insist on invading, the problem of handling them without bloodshed will be a difficult puzzle in foreign relations. Brigadier-General Elliott has gone to the front with six hundred marines on the *Dixie*, and supplies for a thousand men for five months. Including the *Maine's* force now on the Isthmus, he will command nearly a thousand handy fighting men, who have shown their ability to face large odds at Guantanamo and on the road to Peking.

Reports of marching Colombian troops in bodies of from five hundred to three thousand men have been frequent, but no phase of the situation has yet shown reason for sending army reinforcements to our body of picked marines. The United States Navy in powerful force patrols all waterways to Panama and Colon, and the path overland from Colombia is so long and almost impassably difficult that an eruption of Colombians over the mountains is not seriously expected.

The gist of all these warlike rumors seems to be that Colombia is trying to make a hostile demonstration, ignorant of the real facts in the imbroglio, and misled by hopes of support from other South and Central American Republics and of succor from Europe.

Meantime, General Reyes, the next President of Colombia, the present head of the army, and the ablest citizen of that erratic country, has labored in vain in Washington, either to persuade this Government to undo any part of its work, or to stir up party strife and make the Panama question a foremost Democratic issue. He will have to return home without making headway in behalf of the propositions he stood valiantly by to the end:

That the status on the Isthmus before the revolution should be restored.

That the United States content itself with keeping the railroad open and allow Colombia to try to suppress the revolution.

That if neither of these propositions be accepted, the United States shall agree to pay Colombia for the loss of territory resulting from the attitude of this country, the amount of damages to be fixed by the Hague Tribunal.

General Reyes still hopes that the reply of Secretary Hay to these grievances will "avert war." This single-handed champion of Colombia has borne himself bravely through an ordeal in which a weaker man would have lost all dignity and honor. Bewildered by ignorance of what has been happening at home, an envoy cast on his own resources, he has played the part for all he was worth.

The attempts to make political issues of the events in Panama focused in the opening attack in Congress on December 17. The policy of the Administration was sweepingly questioned by Senator Hoar, assailed by Senator Gorman, and defended by Senator Foraker. Gorman caused Republican uneasiness by declaring that the Canal Treaty would be fought by his colleagues, but the fuse of this "bombshell" was extracted later by the evident unwillingness of Democracy at large to force a campaign issue over a generally popular measure. The President's message made a favorable impression at large, and it has been so far impossible to swing any considerable opposition around to this argument: what was done was not done in a fashion to suit those who are sure they could have done it better themselves.

Germany, Italy, France, England, and Russia have officially recognized the international status of the new Republic, and the bugaboo of the "international incident" passed into the background in December.

A FATAL CHRISTMAS EVE DISASTER

On the night of December 23 the "Duquesne Limited," traveling from Pittsburg to New York, plunged into a pile of timber at Laurel Run, Pennsylvania. Sixty passengers were killed and thirty were seriously injured

ELECTED WHILE UNDER CONVICTION

WHILE under conviction and sentence for fraud, James M. Curley has been elected to the Board of Aldermen in Boston. Four years ago, Curley was a hard-working insurance agent with a taste for politics; to-day, at the age of twenty-nine, he is the boss of a ward and seems to possess a kind of political genius. In 1900 he was elected to the City Council from Roxbury; the next year he was re-elected. Last year he wanted to go to the Legislature, but the machine shook its head. So Curley and his cousin, Thomas F., organized the Tammany Club of Ward 17, with James as its President. He carried that fight into every side street and alley of the ward, until no man or woman or child there did not know "Jim Curley." The result was the overwhelming defeat of the machine. This year Jim decided that the job of Alderman was better than Representative, so he gave Cousin Tom his nomination for the Legislature. Soon after the campaign opened, both men were arrested and indicted for fraud; but Cousin Tom was elected by a good majority.

Their offence was a very simple one. They had secured positions for two of their constituents as letter-carriers by impersonating them in a civil service examination.

After the conviction of himself and cousin and the two men impersonated, Jim appealed the case to the United States Circuit Court and they were released on bail. He then became a candidate for Alderman on the Democratic ticket in the city election held one month after the State election. As the Aldermen were chosen at large, he could not rely upon his own ward to give him the nomination, yet he was handsomely elected, ranking sixth among the thirteen Aldermen chosen.

Now, lapses in private and public morals are common among successful politicians, and, indeed, a colorless statesman, like John Morley, "with no small vices," is certain of no great political prestige or popularity; but how many communities, even in mining camps and "cow-country," elect men to office while out on bail for a prison offence?

"Because," say some of his constituents, "Jim Curley was just gittin' a poor beggar a job!" It was not stealing or wrong, they think. "If them two fellers could hold down the job after the Curleys got it for 'em, what difference does it make how they got it?" they ask. While Mr. Curley had many other aids, such as the utterly demoralized condition of the opposition party, yet there is no doubt that the voters of the whole city refused to regard his offence as a crime. The judge, himself, who sentenced him gave him a wonderfully light sentence—two months—when the maximum was $2,000 fine and two years in prison.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS AT THE LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD

The Auxiliary Cruiser "Dixie" has gone to the Isthmus of Panama in anticipation of possible hostilities with the Republic of Colombia. The "Dixie" sailed from Philadelphia December 28, carrying 600 marines, in command of Brigadier-General Elliott, U.S.M.C., and loaded with provisions and supplies for 1,000 men for five months

THE FLOODS IN ST. PETERSBURG

THE heavy floods in St. Petersburg recently drove to the surface 250,000 people who prey upon the tolerance of householders by living in their cellars. The return to underground lodgings of the army of illy nourished persons has added enormously to a death rate which was already much larger than that of any other Christian capital. It is part of an unwritten code that a lady or gentleman should not know where cellars, garrets, laundry rooms, or servants' quarters are, and a genuine St. Petersburg householder never does know from one year's end to another.

Mrs. McCormick, the wife of the American Ambassador, after she and Mr. McCormick had moved into the palace they now occupy in St. Petersburg, became conscious of singular smells. The fragrance of stale herrings, onions, soapy water, boiling cabbage, penetrated to her drawing-room. As a competent house-

Doorway, leading from the top gallery of the Iroquois Theatre to the stairway, in which nearly one hundred people became jammed and were burned to death

By courtesy of the Chicago "Tribune"

Alley at the side of the Iroquois Theatre showing improvised fire escape in midair, over which many escaped, while others fell from it to their death below

keeper she made inquiry. No one would tell her at first, but finally the butler admitted the odors came from those who lived in the cellars. Lived in the cellars! How could that be? To the horror of the servants, she insisted on going to the cellars, where she actually found sixty-eight permanent dwellers. She called in a policeman and had them all turned out.

Mrs. McCormick mentioned her singular discovery to the Countess de Montebello, the wife of the then French Ambassador. "That is nothing," said the Countess. "My sister and her children were coming to see me. My maid said:

"'Madame, I would earnestly advise you not to have the children come.'

"'What do you mean? Why not?' I said.

"'I don't mean anything, only I think the children should not come. They might get ill.'

"I asked her what she meant by such nonsense and questioned her sharply. She was distressed, and only after a long time would she say, mysteriously:

"'There are fifteen cases of diphtheria in the house.'

"I found that more than one hundred people lived in the cellars and that, as the maid had said, fifteen children had the diphtheria."

Some thousands actually live under the Winter Palace. Not only that, but recently a dairy with several cows was found in full operation in the Imperial cellar. The cows had to go, but the people were not disturbed. That would have been out of keeping with Russian carelessness and *noblesse oblige.—From our Correspondent, St. Petersburg, Dec. 20, 1903.*

THE DISASTER IN CHICAGO

MORE than six hundred pleasure seekers of Christmas-tide, mostly women and children, were killed, in perhaps less than ten minutes, in the blackness and panic of the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago. Mont Pelée licked up its vast tally of lives with scarcely more swiftness. In the great Chicago fire only two hundred persons perished. Only one similar calamity has surpassed the death roll of the Iroquois, that of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, in which eight hundred and seventy-five lives were snuffed out.

A new theatre, built to be wholly fireproof, boasting of its costly ingenuity for safeguarding its patrons, believed to be in every way a model of construction—this Chicago playhouse became instantly a coffin and torture chamber for half its audience at a Christmas week matinee.

"Mr. Bluebeard" drew a crowded house on Wednesday afternoon. The gorgeous spectacular show was a delight for children, and mothers took them until their flocks filled half the theatre. Schoolgirls and parties of young women were in force, and there was only a sprinkling of men among the eighteen hundred present. Just in the middle of the play—the chorus was singing a song about the moonlight—a flicker of red twisted around a bit of scenery in the pale glow of the calcium lights. It came from a broken electric wire. There was almost instantly a leaping tongue of flame, and in a few seconds the calcium lights exploded. The moonlit stage was like an angry sunrise. Fire flung its glare through the theatre.

The leading comedian, "Eddie" Foy, rushed from his dressing-room, more grotesque than usual in his incomplete "make-up," and shouted reassurances to the audience, which was in the first quiver of universal panic. He compelled the orchestra to keep on playing by sheer force of the courage and coolness inspired of the crisis, and played the part of a man as he drove the actors like sheep for the stage exits, as the fire swept like a whirlwind and made his exhortations a pitiful farce. Smoke billowed to fill the house in the draughts from broken skylights, gas tanks exploded, darkness and stifling fumes and choking smoke closed down on the auditorium. Men fought like wild brutes, mothers battled as fiercely to save their children.

The hundreds whom strength and fury of desire to live drove into the aisles were crushed by weight of the masses behind them, and those behind were killed by smoke and fire. In every doorway, although some doors were wide open, were mountains of bodies. They died in actual sight of the daylight, in sight of the throngs outside, in sight of the fire engines, and died in masses seven and eight feet high, their faces, in the last agonies, turned toward the refuge they could not gain.

In the street there was nothing to show what was inside. The front of the theatre was untouched by fire. Thousands were passing with no knowledge of the loss of life, believing it a trifling fire. The firemen knew it only when they found their ways blocked by barricades of bodies, women and children jammed in such an inextricable mass that it was impossible to lift and carry them out one by one. Back of them the aisles were a ruck of twisted and blackened dead in heaps. These unrecognizable things had come from hundreds of Christmas homes still gay with holly wreaths, and tinseled trees in the parlor windows. Firemen were struggling into the theatre five minutes after the first alarm. Already six hundred had perished, but organized help saved a few who had reached upper balconies, and were crying and stretching out their arms for ladders, many pitching headlong before rescue came. From every part of the city, doctors, nurses, ambulances, wagons, hurried as if by magic. In ten minutes a dozen stores had become overflowing hospitals and morgues.

The news spread fast and seemed to draw half of Chicago to the scene. The dead had suffered and gasped out their lives curtained from the world. The most heart-breaking view of the tragedy began with the search of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends for their own in the long lines of the unrecognizable dead, laid out like cordwood in a dozen morgues.

In front of one morgue, two hundred weeping men and women stood all night, and in the morning were too weakened to continue their clamor for admittance. But morning brought a greater crowd, more desperately insistent for admittance. One woman dropped on her knees, and crawled after the sergeant who had turned away to avoid her entreaties. The strain on the nerves of the police became unbearable. Those who kept the crowds back from the morgues could not long endure the tide of agony they were forced to hold in check, and, with wet eyes, the big men in uniform begged to be given a rest.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN FRANCE

From our Correspondent, Paris, Dec. 22, 1903

THE government of France rests to-day in the hands of a man who is politically opposed to it. M. Combes, the representative of the Republican party, is its recognized head; its actual master is Jean Jaurès, the great Socialist leader.

I sat in the Chamber of Deputies the other day listening, somewhat idly, I confess, to a debate on minor appropriations. In the chair was a sturdy, thick-set man, wearing a beard tinged with gray, which did not conceal his strong jaw. His large nose bespoke power, and his clear, determined eyes occasionally swept comprehensively over the Chamber.

While I was trying to place his elusive resemblance to one or several of our own public men, there was a stir in the Chamber, and, looking toward the entrance, I saw a little man carrying a black portfolio under his arm. M. Delcassé, next to Mr. Hay the greatest Minister for Foreign Affairs in the world, walked quietly to the bench reserved for the Ministers and took his seat. When my eyes returned to the chair, the figure I had studied had disappeared and another hand held the gavel.

Jean Jaures, leader of the Socialist Party in France and Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies

The debate on foreign affairs began. It was followed with the interest which the importance of the subject has for France. I heard Deschanel, former president of the Chamber, and probably the most refined orator of the Republic. Then there was a stir, and from the seats on the left sprang a deputy who advanced rapidly to the tribune. My man of the chair had reappeared. "That is Jaurès," said a Frenchman beside me to a companion.

M. Jaurès spoke of one subject only—Morocco. He discussed it—as I understood subsequently he did every subject on which he debated—thoroughly. He has the quality, common to all natural orators, of getting into immediate sympathy with his hearers. He convinced me that he was heartily in favor of the Socialistic doctrine of anti-militarism, but at the same time he was opposed to anything tending to diminish the "glory of France." Between his anti-army views and his desire to preserve the supremacy of France in North Africa, the Socialist leader struck what he considered a happy solution of the Moroccan question. With the applause from members of all parties ringing in his ears, M. Delcassé quietly opposed the Jaurès project. M. Massabuau voiced the feeling of surprise at Delcassé's temerity when he said: "I shall refrain from voting. M. Delcassé has suddenly rejected the views of M. Jaurès; but at the least sign from M. Jaurès, the Government will obey him."

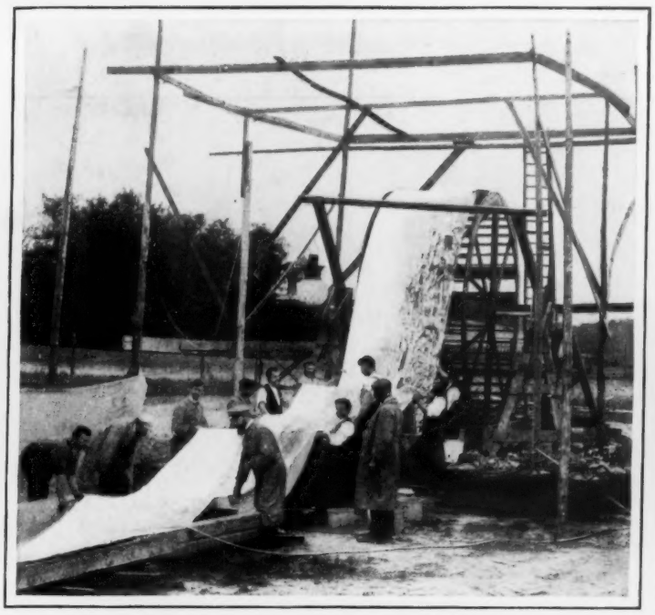
From that moment, I determined to study Jaurès, not only as a politician but as a man. I asked my neighbor to tell me something about him.

"He is the greatest natural orator of France," he replied. "He is the Messiah of Socialism in my country. He is inconsistent and yet consistent. Fifteen years ago he was a Republican, with Liberal tendencies. To-day, he is an ultra-Socialist. He is courageous, he does not mince words, and he controls his party. When he first entered public life, his influence was derived from his relations. Now his influence rests in his personality. He has strongly criticised the conditions under which France is governed, but for the moment he is content to be the power behind the Government. What will interest you above all, however, is the fact that he is responsible for the revision of the Dreyfus affair."

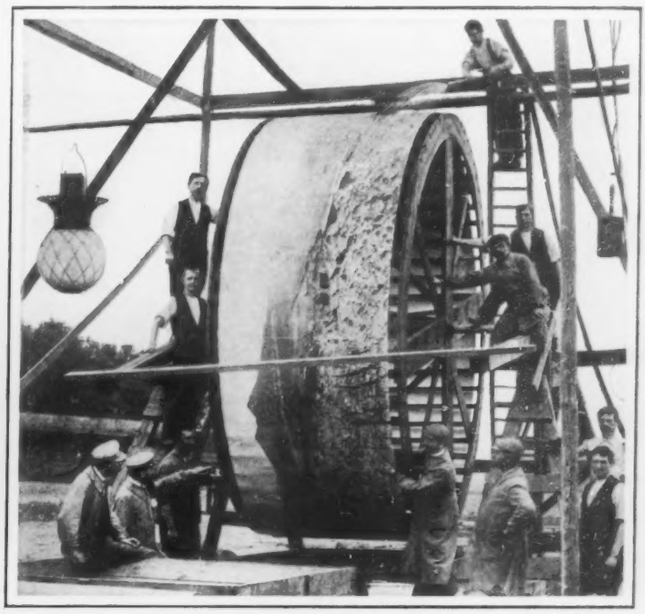
Jaures and Dreyfus

How has Jaurès obtained this power? Why has Dreyfus found in him a friend? The answer to the first question is simple. The votes of the Socialists, thrown with the other parties opposed to the Government, will defeat the Government. With respect to Dreyfus, the reasons of Jaurès are somewhat complex. He cares nothing for Dreyfus; he cares little for the principles which the former captain embodies. But Dreyfus is an issue, a great political issue. Passively he represents anti-militarism and anti-clericalism. Jaurès represents them actively. Therefore, the Socialists demanded revision. Backed unitedly by his own party, M. Combes saw no danger to his Government if he granted the demand; and he knew that failure to comply would make his position untenable.

The clericals of France will tell you that Jaurès sent to Palestine for water from the river of Jordan,



Sliding the photograph into the toning and fixing bath



Washing off the fixing solution

A photograph 40 feet long and nearly 5 feet high, which has just been completed in Italy, will be exhibited at St. Louis this summer. It is a picture of the Gulf of Naples, and the negatives were taken from the highest point available near that city, on the Castle San Martino, showing a view of Vesuvius and the sea. Each separate negative of the many which go to make up the entire picture, measures 8¼ by 10¾ inches. They all fit end to end, thus showing a continuous panorama. From these negatives enlargements were made 6 feet long and 5 feet high. The joining of the several parts, although very difficult, has been most cleverly done, so that the junctures are hardly discernible, even to experts. To develop the negatives a wheel was constructed some 12 feet in diameter and 6 feet wide, with a circumference of about 40 feet. Three separate tanks were used for holding the developing fluid. The tank for fixing was 45 feet long by 7 feet wide and 3 feet deep. The entire operation of developing was carried on in the open air during a dark night. In order to restrain local development liquid was poured upon certain portions of the negatives from a hose, while other parts which required forcing were treated with a sponge filled with developer. Eight hours were required for washing the photograph in running water and 10 hours for drying. Little retouching was necessary

Adding the finishing touches to the completed print

THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

in which to have his child baptized. His children have been educated by the religieuses. Yet the Church must regard him as its arch-enemy. The clericals say that twelve years ago he was an earnest believer in God, and they point to a work he wrote in which he set forth his views of the relations of God and man. Two years ago, he publicly declared that since his youth he has been free from all religion and all dogma. The clericals can not understand how a man can believe in God and yet advocate the separation of Church and State.

Besides being a deputy and Vice-President of the Chamber, Jaurès is the editor of a prosperous Parisian paper, the proprietor of a general store in Paris and of a large farm in the south of France. He is only forty-three years of age. It would surprise no one in France should he be elevated some day to the chair behind which he now stands.

A NEW ERA FOR THE TROLLEY

ELECTRIC traction in the Eastern States is still the local street railway system extended into the country for interurban convenience. West of the Alleghanies, the "trolley road" has been developed as a long-distance carrier, until the day of the trunk line is at hand. Sleeping cars, buffet coaches, limited trains stopping only at cities of ten thousand people and over, track construction up to steam-road standards, sixty-miles-an-hour schedules, are signs of a new transportation era already begun in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois. The trolley has become a railroad, competing with steam lines first for local passenger business, now for long-distance traffic, and driving an entering wedge into freight carrying.

The first trolley sleepers are beginning service between Indianapolis, Ind. and Columbus, O., a distance of two hundred miles. The electric roads had taken most of the local business from competing steam lines in these States, and the introduction of the sleeper system marks an important step in the great transportation battle. The opening of this service is a beginning, with extensions soon to be pushed through to Wheeling, West Virginia, and before 1905 it is expected that sleeping-car trolley trains will be operated between Indianapolis, Columbus, and Pittsburg, while far-reaching plans propose soon to link Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and territory as far north as Port Huron, Michigan, in this network of long-distance and high-speed trolley transportation. In Indiana, Chicago and Cincinnati are being connected through Indianapolis, and Louisville is to be brought into this through belt. St. Louis, within two years, will be the centre of trunk lines extending east, west, north, and south. The service will cover many stretches of from two hundred to five hundred miles with its solid through trains in another year.

The Appleyard Syndicate, which is building most of the Ohio lines, has contracted for twenty-four sleepers and combination sleeping and dining cars for this newest competition that faces squarely the steam and Pullman companies in menacing rivalry.

The electric road scores another triumph in increase of comforts offered the traveler. The sleepers are sixty feet long, costing twenty-one thousand dollars each, mounted on motors capable of a speed of seventy miles an hour.

The car contains ten compartments, or "staterooms," each with two berths, nearly four feet wide. In the morning, the "roll-top" compartment walls pass out of sight through brass slots in the floor, the beds are made up into chairs, and the coach becomes a parlor car. In the toilet rooms are hot and cold water, electric hair curlers for women, electric cigar lighters for men. The stateroom plan gives a privacy and comfort to every passenger unknown in the Pullman system. In the combination cars are movable dining tables and a completely equipped kitchen. These sleepers will leave the Indianapolis and Columbus terminals at ten-thirty o'clock every night. They run the two hundred mile schedule to finish the journey at six in the morning. Their operation has shown that there is no smoke, cinders, or dust, and that sleeping-car pilgrims will be able to open their windows in summer. The charge for a berth and fare between the two cities will be five dollars, which is less than the day coach fare on the competing steam lines. This shows where the advantage lies in the fight for through traffic.

Interior view of the new trolley sleeping car running between Columbus and Indianapolis

Twice Regular Railroad Speed

While Germany has led in sensational speed experiments on the one-hundred-and-thirty-miles-an-hour stretch of electric road between Zossen and Marienfelde, the practical development of high-speed and long-distance transportation are being worked out in the central West with a success and enterprise unknown elsewhere. The Chicago, Elgin, & Aurora Railway, operating a third-rail system, expects to have an equipment this year capable of one hundred miles an hour schedules in practical, every-day service. The trolley lines in several of these States reach speeds of sixty-five miles an hour with their regular service cars. Tracks and roadbed are building as substantially as the steam roads, and twenty and thirty-foot cars have been supplanted by sixty-foot coaches. In Indiana five electric roads, each more than a hundred miles long, are planned or building, for the single purpose of hauling coal, which will be handled on standard freight cars, drawn by electric locomotives.

When the interurban railroads were opened in these Central States, paralleling the steam railroads, the latter ignored them until it became evident that they were real competitors. The policy adopted by most of the steam roads was to cut their rates to that of the interurban lines, which was a drop from three cents to one and a half cents, and in some cases to one cent, a mile. In addition to this, their number of local trains was doubled and in some cases trebled, giving hourly service. Still, without an exception, where the electric railroad was a worthy competitor, the travel went to the new roads; the steam roads finally withdrew their trains and abandoned the fight.

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THE ORIGINAL OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

By DR. HAROLD EMERY JONES

The writer was a fellow-student of Conan Doyle. Together they attended the surgical demonstrations of Joseph Bell, at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. This man exhibited incredibly acute and sure deductive powers in diagnosis and in guessing the vocation of patients from external signs. Sir Henry Little-John, another medical lecturer heard by the two students, was remarkable for his sagacious expert testimony, leading to the conviction of many a criminal. Thus is the character of Sherlock Holmes easily and naturally accounted for, and the absurd fiction that Conan Doyle drew upon Poe for his ideas is silenced forever

The Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, where Conan Doyle met the Original of Sherlock Holmes

WHEN it was known that Dr. Conan Doyle had decided on bringing Sherlock Holmes back to the land of the living, a number of his admirers were fearful lest the author wreck his own reputation and destroy the interesting and unique character of Sherlock Holmes, by attempting what was seemingly an impossibility or, at any rate, an absurdity. Conan Doyle's friends, however, had supreme confidence in his ability to revivify Sherlock Holmes in an artistic and natural manner. After "The Adventure of the Empty House," admirers and friends could not but exclaim in unison: "How simple! How plausible! How clever!"

The great mystery, which has as yet never been cleared up, is whether Holmes ever really existed. Is Holmes merely the creation of Doyle's ingenious brain? Or is there really an individual who is the living embodiment of Sherlock Holmes?

Conan Doyle is essentially an Edinburgh product. He was born there. His medical studies were pursued in that ancient city of medical lore. His father was a well-known artist. He himself was the nephew of the famous Dicky Doyle, and his grandfather was the celebrated caricaturist John Doyle, known to the public as H. B. So the author had, to say the least, a heritage of promise. His first literary venture was as editor of a school magazine in Germany, where he was sent to receive his early education. Prior to that he had attended a private school in England. Leaving Germany, he returned to Edinburgh, where he entered the university for the purpose of studying medicine.

To a man of Doyle's alertness, memory, and imagination, this training was invaluable. It was in the infirmary wards at Edinburgh, in the dispensaries, and in the out-patient department that he first encountered that subtle and wonderful character who is now world-renowned, the original of the great detective, Sherlock Holmes.

All Edinburgh medical students remember Joseph Bell—Joe Bell—as they called him. Always alert, always up and doing, nothing ever escaped that keen eye of his. He read both patients and students like so many open books. His diagnosis was almost never at fault.

One would never dream, by looking through "Who's Who" (in England), that the person described as follows is the original of the great detective, Sherlock Holmes:

"Joseph Bell, M.D., F.R.C.S., Edinburgh; consulting Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Sick Children. Member of University Court, Edinburgh University; born in Edinburgh in the year 1837. The eldest son of Benjamin Bell, Surgeon, and of Cecilia Craigie. Married to Edith Katherine, daughter of the Honorable James Erskine Murray. Went through the ordinary course of a Hospital Surgeon at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, from Dresser to Senior Surgeon and Consulting Surgeon. Twenty-three years (1873-96) editor of the 'Edinburgh Medical Journal.'"

Yet he is the original Sherlock Holmes—the Edinburgh medical students' ideal—who could tell patients their habits, their occupations, nationality, and often their names, and who rarely, if ever, made a mistake. Oftentimes he would call upon one of the students to diagnose the cases for him. Telling the House Surgeon to usher in a new patient, he delighted in putting the deductive powers of the student to the test, with results generally amusing, except to the poor student victim himself.

This is Conan Doyle's description of Joseph Bell: "He would sit in the patients' waiting-room, with a face like a Red Indian, and diagnose the people as they came in, before even they opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, and would even give them details of their past life, and he would hardly ever make a mistake."

What Edinburgh student of Conan Doyle's student years can fail to recognize in the stoic-faced professor, Joe Bell, the "king of deduction"?

"What is the matter with this man, sir?" he suddenly inquired of a trembling student. "Come down, sir, and look at him! No! You mustn't touch him. Use your eyes, sir! Use your ears, use your brain, your bump of perception, and use your powers of deduction."

After looking at the patient, the embryonic Holmes blurted out: "Hip-joint disease, sir!"

"Hip-nothing!" Bell retorted. "The man's limp is not from his hip, but from his foot, or rather from his feet. Were you to observe closely, you would see that there are slits, cut by a knife, in those parts of the shoes where the pressure of the shoe is greatest against the foot. The man is a sufferer from corns, gentlemen, and has no hip trouble at all. He has not come here to be treated for corns, gentlemen. We are not chiropodists. His trouble is of a much more serious nature. This is a case of chronic alcoholism, gentlemen. The rubicund nose, the puffed, bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the tremulous hands and twitching face muscles, with the quick, pulsating temporal arteries, all show this. These deductions, gentlemen, must, however, be confirmed by absolute and concrete evidence. In this instance my diagnosis is confirmed by the fact of my seeing the neck of a whiskey-bottle protruding from the patient's right-hand coat pocket.

"From close observation and deduction, gentlemen, you can make a correct diagnosis of any and every case. However, never neglect to ratify your deductions, to substantiate your diagnosis with the stethoscope, and by other recognized and every-day methods of diagnosis."

Of another patient he would say: "Gentlemen, we have here a man who is either a cork-cutter or a slater. If you will only use your eyes a moment you will be able to define a slight hardening—a regular callous, gentlemen—on one side of his forefinger, and a thickening on the outside of his thumb, a sure sign that he follows the one occupation or the other."

Or again: "Gentlemen, a fisherman! You will notice that, though this is a very hot summer's day, the patient is wearing top-boots. When he sat on the chair they were plainly visible. No one but a sailor would wear top-boots at this season of the year. The shade of tan on his face shows him to be a coast-sailor, and not a deep-sea sailor—a sailor who makes foreign lands. His tan is that produced by one climate, a 'local tan,' so to speak. A knife scabbard shows beneath his coat, the kind used by fishermen in this part of the world. He is concealing a quid of tobacco in the furthest corner of his mouth and manages it very adroitly indeed, gentlemen. The summary of these deductions shows that this man is a fisherman. Further, to prove the correctness of these deductions, I notice several fish-scales adhering to his clothes and hands, while the odor of fish announced his arrival in a most marked and striking manner."

On one occasion he called upon a student to diagnose a case. The student made a miserable failure of it.

"Get out your notebook, man," said Bell, "and see whether you can't express your thoughts that way." Then, turning to the class, the Professor continued: "The gentleman has ears and he hears not, eyes and he sees not! You come from Wales, don't you, sir?"—again turning to the poor victim—"I thought so! A man who says 'silling' for shilling, who rattles his R's, who has a peculiar, rough, broad accent like yours, sir, is not a Scotchman. You are not an Irishman! You are not an Englishman! Your speech 'smacks of Wales.' And to clinch the matter, gentlemen"—once more addressing the class—"when I asked Mr. Edward Jones—that is his name, gentlemen—to transfer his thoughts to paper, he nervously pulled out his notebook, and, to his chagrin, with it a letter. Mr. Jones endeavored to palm the letter, gentlemen; but he is evidently a little out of training at present, as he blundered most beautifully. The postmark shows that the letter was posted yesterday morning at Cardiff. The address was written by a female—undoubtedly Mr. Jones's sweetheart—for the very sight of it caused our friend to blush furiously. It was addressed to Mr. Edward Jones! Now, gentlemen! Cardiff is in South Wales, and the name Jones proclaims our friend a Welshman."

According to Doyle, Bell's faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. "Ah," he would say to one of the patients, "you are a soldier, and a non-commissioned officer at that. You have served in Bermuda. Now how do I know that, gentlemen? Because he came into the room without even taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly room. He was a soldier. A slight, authoritative air, combined with his age, shows that he was a non-commissioned officer. A rash on his forehead tells me he was in Bermuda and subject to a certain rash known only there."

Bell was as full of dry humor and satire, and he was as jealous of his reputation, as the detective Sherlock Holmes ever thought of being.

One day, in the lecture theatre, he gave the students a long talk on the necessity for the members of the medical profession cultivating their senses—sight, smell, taste, and hearing. Before him on a table stood a large tumbler filled with a dark, amber-colored liquid.

"This, gentlemen," announced the Professor, "contains a very potent drug. To the taste it is intensely bitter. It is most offensive to the sense of smell. Yet, as far as the sense of sight is concerned—that is, in color—it is no different from dozens of other liquids.

"Now I want to see how many of you gentlemen have educated your powers of perception. Of course, we might easily analyze this chemically, and find out what it is. But I want you to test it by smell and

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taste; and, as I don't ask anything of my students which I wouldn't be willing to do myself, I will taste it before passing it round."

Here he dipped his finger in the liquid, and placed it in his mouth. The tumbler was passed round. With wry and sour faces the students followed the Professor's lead. One after another tasted the vile decoction; varied and amusing were the grimaces made. The tumbler, having gone the round, was returned to the Professor.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a laugh, "I am deeply grieved to find that not one of you has developed this power of perception, which I so often speak about; for if you had watched me closely, you would have found that, while I placed my forefinger in the medicine, it was the middle finger which found its way into my mouth."

These methods of Bell impressed Doyle greatly at the time. The impression made was a lasting one.

But, while Joseph Bell is the original Sherlock Holmes, another Edinburgh professor "had a finger in the pie," so to speak.

While Joseph Bell gave Doyle the idea of the character Holmes, the man who, unknowingly perhaps, influenced Doyle in adapting that character to the detection of crime, was Sir Henry Little-John.

"Little-John," as the students all called him, was the Police Surgeon and the Medical Officer of Health to the City of Edinburgh. He was also Lecturer on Forensic Medicine and Public Health at the Royal College of Surgeons.

No teacher ever took a greater interest in his students than did Sir Henry. He not only lectured to "his boys"—as he always spoke of them—in the lecture-room, but he took them to the city slaughter-houses, and to the reservoirs which supply Edinburgh with water. Here he would explain the why and the wherefore of hygiene. As Police Surgeon he had unlimited liberties and unequaled facilities for the study of crime and criminals. It was a common but interesting sight to see the dapper Sir Henry Little-John, little both in stature and name, walking along the street with a crowd of medical students trailing along behind. His lectures on crime and criminals were always entertaining and instructive, as they were generally straightforward statements of personal experiences.

While Bell was lecturing deduction and perception into Doyle's receptive and imaginative brain, Sir Henry Little-John was giving Doyle material for his detective stories.

Whenever a mysterious or suspected murder was perpetrated, Sir Henry loved to ferret out the criminals and clear up the crime. He always gave expert medical evidence in the law courts, and, being Police Surgeon, of necessity testified for the Crown on behalf of the prosecution.

It was a red-letter day for Edinburgh medical students when Sir Henry was due in the witness-box. How they flocked around the courthouse, and how they fought to gain an entrance! Even standing-room was at a premium on these occasions; one and all were anxious to hear their "Little-John" testify. For Sir Henry never got the worst of the argument. He was never entrapped by the smartest of lawyers, and never disconcerted by the severest of cross-examinations.

One case, out of hundreds of a similar kind, will exemplify his knowledge of criminals and crime, and show his readiness of repartee. *(Continued on p. 20.)*

Brer Deer an' King Sun's Daughter

A NEW UNCLE REMUS STORY

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, Author of "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VER BECK

"BRER DEER WENT ON FER TER TELL BRER RABBIT"

IT IS ONLY FAIR to say that the little boy—who was the son of the little boy to whom Uncle Remus told his stories—came to the plantation somewhat prejudiced. His mother, who was of the period after the war, had never known the advantages of association with the old-time negroes, and was a great stickler for accuracy of speech. She was very precise in the use of English, and could not abide the simple dialect in which the stories had been related to the little boy's father. She was so insistent in this matter that the child's father, when asked for a story such as Uncle Remus had told him, thought it best to avoid the dialect that he knew so well. In consequence, the essence of the stories was dissipated for the child, and he lacked the enthusiasm which Uncle Remus had hoped to find.

But this enthusiasm came by degrees as Uncle Remus wandered from one tale to another. The child never told his mother how he enjoyed the stories, and yet he came to play the part that had been played by his father long before he was born, and matters came to such a pass, that, if he was long with Uncle Remus without hearing a story, he straightway imagined that the old man was angry or out of sorts. In short, a great change had come over the lad. He gained in health and strength every day he remained on the plantation, and in consideration of this fact—and as the result of wise diplomacy of Uncle Remus—the child's mother relaxed the discipline that she had thought necessary for his welfare, so that not many weeks elapsed before his cheeks became ruddy with health. Uncle Remus hailed him as a town rowdy, and declared that the plantation would soon be too small to hold him.

"I pity yo' gran'ma," said Uncle Remus, "kaze ef you stay roun' here, she'll hatter buy all de 'j'inin' plantations ef she gwineter keep you on her lan'."

There was no more corn to be hauled, but there was harness to be mended, and the little boy, sitting on a high stool in the workshop, or leaning against Uncle Remus, watched the operation with great interest. He observed one day that the old man was frowning darkly. His forehead was puckered into knots and seamed with wrinkles that did not belong there, and his eyebrows were drawn together over his nose.

"What is the matter with you, Uncle Remus? Are you angry, or are you going to cry?"

"I'll tell you de trufe, honey. I'm mighty nigh on de p'int er cryin'. You see my face puckered up, don't you? Well, ef you had ez much on yo' min' ez what I got on mine, you'd be boohoo'in' same ez a baby. I tell you dat. An' des ter show you dat I'm in deep trouble, I'll ax you ter tell me how many times dey is."

"How many times? How many times what?" the child inquired.

Uncle Remus regarded him sorrowfully, and then returned to his work with a heavy sigh. "Did I ax you 'bout what? No, I ain't; I ax'd you 'bout times. I say ez plain ez writin': 'How many times is dey?' an' you 'spon', 'How many times what?' It look mighty funny ter me. Dar's day time an' night-time, bedtime an' meal-time, an' some time an' no time, an' high time an' fly time, an' long time an' wrong time, 'sim'n time an' plum time. Dey ain't no use er talkin'; it's nuff fer ter make yo' head swim. I been tryin' fer ter count um up, but de mo' I count um up de mo' dey is."

The little boy looked at the old man with a half-smile on his face. He was plainly puzzled, but he didn't like to admit it even to himself. "Why do you want to know how many times there are?" he asked.

"Kaze I wanter live an' l'arn," replied Uncle Remus. "Le' me see," he went on, puckering his face again. "Dars de ol' time an' de new time, de col' time an' de due time—bless yo' soul, honey, I can't count um up. No, suh; you'll hatter skusen me!"

He paused and looked at the little boy to see what the child could make out of all he had said. He saw nothing in the small countenance but curiosity. "What made you think of it?" was the question the child asked.

"Mos' eve'thing I see make me think 'bout it, an' you'll think 'bout it you'se'f, when you come ter be ol' ez what I is. But de reason it wuz runnin' in my head dis time wuz kaze I start ter tell a tale widout knowin' when de time wuz. I know it wuz 'way back yander, but de mont' er de year I can't tell, an' when I try ter fix on de time eve'thing look dim an' smoky, an' I say ter myse'f dat dey mus' be a fog in my min'."

"Can't you tell the story unless you can find out about the time?" inquired the little boy.

"Tooby sho' I kin, honey; but you'd b'lieve it lots quicker ef you know'd what time it happen. 'Fo' yo' great-gran'ma died she had a trunk full er ollymenacks, an' I boun' you ef I had 'em here whar you could look at um, we wouldn't have no trouble. I speck dey done got strow'd about endurin' er de war-time.

"Well, anyhow, once 'pon a time, when dey wuz mighty few folks in de worl', ef any, Brer Deer fell in love wid ol' King Sun's daughter." Having made this preliminary statement, Uncle Remus paused to see what effect it had on the child. Amazement and incredulity were written on the little boy's face, observing which the old man smiled. "You nee'nter git de idee in yo' head dat ol' King Sun is like he wuz in dem days. No, bless you! He wuz des ez diffunt ez dem times wuz tum deze times, an' when you git ter readin' in de books you'll fin' out what de diffunce wuz. He wuz closer by, an' he ain't hide out at night like he does now. He wuz up in de sky, but he ain't live ez high up; he wuz mo' neighborly, ez you may say.

"He live so close by dat he useter sen' de house-gal down ter de spring fer drinkin'-water. Three times a day she'd come ter fetch it; she'd clime down wid de bucket in her han' an' she'd clime back wid de bucket on her head, an' she'd sing bofe ways, comin' an' gwine. In dem times dey all know'd dat ol' King Sun had a daughter, but dey ain't know what 'er name is; an' dey know she wuz purty. Well, Brer Deer he hear talk un 'er, an' he tuck a notion dat he gwineter marry 'er, but he dunner how he gwineter git word up dar whar she live at. He study an' study, but he can't fin' no way.

"He wuz settin' down by de road studyin' out a plan fer ter git word ter de gal, when ol' Brer Rabbit come lopin' down de lane. He mus' a been playin' hoss, kaze when he see Brer Deer, he shied an' sneezed, he did, an' make like he gwineter run away. But he ain't run. He pass de time er day wid Brer Deer an' ax 'im how his copperosity seem ter segashuate. Brer Deer 'low dat his copperosity is segashuatin' all right, but he got trouble in his min' an' he can't git it out. He look mighty sollumcolly when he say dis, an Brer Rabbit say he sorry.

"He sot down, Brer Rabbit did, an' cross his legs, an' rub his chin same like de doctor do when he gwineter slap a dose er bitter truck on yo' insides. He rub his chin, he did, an' look like he know all dey is fer ter be know'd. He say, 'Brer Deer, when I wuz growin' up I useter hear de ol' folks say dat a light heart made a long life, an' I b'lieve um, I sho' does. Dey know'd what dey wuz talkin' 'bout, kaze I done had de speunce un it.'

"Brer Deer shuck his head an' grieve. Ef he'd 'a' had a hankcher, he 'a' had need un it right den an' dar, but he wink his eye fas' fer ter git de tears out'n um. He 'low, 'I speck youer tellin' me de trufe, Brer Rabbit, but I can't he'p it ef you is. I am what I am, an' I can't be no ammer. I feels mo' like cryin' dan I does like eatin', an' I'm dat fractious dat I can't skacely see straight. Ol' Mr. Ram tol' me howdy a while ago, an' I ain't done a thing but run at 'im an' butt him slonchways. You nee'nter tell me dat I ain't got no business fer ter do dataway; I des can't he'p it.'

"Brer Rabbit kinder edge hisse'f away fum Brer Deer. He say, 'Dat bein' de case, Brer Deer, I speck I better gi' you mo' room. When I let' home dis mornin', my ol' 'oman 'low: "You better take keer er yo'se'f, honey," an' I'm gwineter do dat identual thing. I dunno dat I'm skeered er gittin' hurted, but I'm monstus ticklish when de horned creeturs is roun'.' Brer Deer say: 'You nee'nter be fear'd er me, Brer Rabbit. I been knowin' you a long time, an' many's de night dat we bofe graze in de same pastur', you a-nibblin' on de green grass an' me a-crappin' it. I'm monstus glad I run 'cross you, kaze ef I can't tell my troubles ter some un, I b'lieve in my soul I'll bust wide open.'

"Wid dat Brer Deer went on fer ter tell Brer Rabbit dat he done fell dead in love wid ol' King Sun's daughter. He dunner how come it ter be so, but anyhow so it is. He ain't had no talk wid 'er; he ain't mo' dan cotch a glimp' er de gal, yit dar he wuz dead in love wid 'er. Brer Rabbit mought laugh at 'im ef he wanter; he'll des set dar an' take it. He talk an' talk, he did, twel Brer Rabbit got right sorry fer 'im. He sot dar, he did, an' study, an' den he tell Brer Deer dat he'll he'p 'im ef he kin, an' he mos' know he kin.

"Brer Deer raise his head, an' open his eyes. He say, 'Brer Rabbit, you 'stonish me—you sho does. Ef you'll he'p me out in dis, I'll stan' by you thoo thick an' thin.' But Brer Rabbit say he ain't doin' it fer no pay; he done lay by his crap, an' he ain't got nothin' much ter do, an' he say he'll he'p Brer Deer des fer ter keep his han' in. Brer Deer look like he wuz might'ly holp up. Fust he smole a smile, an' den he broke out in a laugh. He say, 'Youer de man fer my money.'

"Brer Rabbit kinder wiggle his nose. He say, 'Ef you keep yo' money twel you think you got too much, you'll have it by you fer many a long year ter come.' Wid dat, he got up an' bresh de dus' off'n his britches, an' shuck han's wid Brer Deer. He say, 'I hope fer ter have some good news fer you de nex' time we meet in de big road.' He bowed, he did, an' den off he put.

"BRER RABBIT TUCK IT AND GI' IT TER DE SPRING LIZZARD"

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dignity-slip. He look back fer ter see ef Brer Deer wuz follerin' 'im, but Brer Deer had sense 'nuff ter ter hunt 'im a cool place in de woods, whar he kin take de fust nap what he had in many a night an' day.

"Brer Rabbit lope off to'rd de spring, kaze he know'd dat de spring wuz de place whar King Sun's house-gal come atter water—an' she hatter tote a mighty heap un it. It look like de mo' water what King Sun drunk de mo' he want, an' dat bein' de case, de gal had 'bout ez much totin' ez she kin do. Brer Rabbit went down ter de spring, but dey wa'n't nobody dar, an' he look in it an' see hisse'f in de water. Dar he wuz, his ha'r all combd, his face clean, an' he look slicker dan sin. He laugh, he did, an' say ter de Rabbit what he see in de water: 'You sho is mighty good-lookin', whoever you is, an' ef you blame anybody, don't blame me, kaze I can't he'p it.'

"Now, down at de bottom er de spring wuz ol' man Spring Lizzard. He wuz takin' his mornin' nap, when he hear some un talkin'. He raise up, he did, an' hissen, den he look an' see Brer Rabbit lookin' at hisse'f in de water, an' he holler out, 'Maybe you ain't so good-lookin' ez you think you is.' Brer Rabbit holler back, 'Hello, dar! dis is de fus' time I know'd dat yo shadder in de water kin talk back at you.'

"Wid dat, Mr. Spring Lizzard come peer under de green moss an' float ter de top er de water. He pass de time er day wid Brer Rabbit an' ax 'im whar he gwine, an' what he gwine ter do when he git dar. Brer Rabbit low dat he tryin' fer ter do a good turn ter a frien' what's in trouble, an' den he went on an' tol' de ol' Spring Lizzard 'bout Brer Deer an' King Sun's daughter. De Spring Lizzard say she's a mighty likely gal, kaze he seed her one time when she slip off an' come wid de house-gal atter water. He say she got long ha'r dat look like spun silk, an' eyes dat shine like de mornin' star.

"Brer Rabbit say he don't 'spute it, but what he wanter know is how he kin git word ter King Sun 'bout Brer Deer. De Spring Lizzard say dat's easy. He say dat when de house-gal come atter water, she hatter let down de step-ladder, an' Brer Rabbit kin slip by 'er an' go up, er he hisse'f kin git in de bucket an' go up. Brer Rabbit say he kinder jub'us 'bout gwine, kaze he's a kinder home body, an' den de Spring Lizzard 'low dat ef Brer Deer will write a note, he'll take it.

"Well, Brer Deer can't write an' Brer Rabbit kin; so dey fix it up 'twix' um, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' dey had de note writ, an' Brer Rabbit tuck it an' git it ter de Spring Lizzard. He say, 'Don't let it git wet, whatever you does,' an' de Spring Lizzard ax how it gwine-ter git wet when he put it in his pocket? He say dat eve'ybody but him, de fishes an' de frogs got a wrong idee 'bout water, kaze 'tain't wet ez it mought be, 'ceppin' on a rainy day.

"Time went on des like it do now, night swung by in' day swung in, an' here come King Sun's house-gal atter a bucket er water. She let down de step-ladder

"AT DE SPRING SHE FIN' A BAG ER GOLD"

an' come singin' ter de spring. She drapped her bucket in, an' de Spring Lizzard stepped in, an' crope roun' ter whar de shadder wuz de heaviest. De gal clomb up de step-ladder, an' pulled it atter her, an' went 'long de path ter King Sun's house. She took de water in de settin'-room ter ter gi' King Sun a fresh drink, an' he grabbed up de gourd an' drunk an' drunk twel it look like he gwineter bust. Atter dat he went in de liberry, an' de Spring Lizzard crope out an' lef' Brer Deer note on de table, an' den he crope back in de bucket.

"Atter while, King Sun's daughter come bouncin' in de room atter a drink er water, an' she see de note. She grab it up an' read it, an den she holler, 'Pa! oh, pa! here's a letter ter you, an' I mos' know dey's sump'n in it 'bout me! La! I dunner who 'tis dat's got de impidence ter ter put my name in a letter.' Ol' King Sun run his fingers thoo his beard, des like he combin' it, an' den he cle'r up his th'oat. He take de letter an' hol' it off tum 'im, an' den put on his specks. He 'low, 'Well, well, well! who'd a thunk it?' an' den he look at his daughter. She look at de flo' an' pat 'er foot. He say, 'I ain't never hear er sech impidence.' De gal 'low, 'What do he say, pa?' Wid dat, he han' 'er de letter, an' when she read it, she got red in de face, an' den she got white. She think one way, an' den she think an'er. She got mad an' she got glad, an' den she had de all-overs, des like gals does deze days when some un ax um fer ter have um.

"So den, dar 'twuz. Brer Deer want ter marry de gal, an' de gal dunner whedder she wanter marry er not. Den ol' King Sun got his pen, an' put a little water in de ink, kaze it wuz mighty nigh dried up, an' den he writ a letter back ter Brer Deer. He say dat ef de one what writ de letter will sen' 'im a bag er gold, he kin have de gal. He fol' de letter up an' han' it ter de gal, an' she not knowin' what else ter do, tuck an' put it on de table whar she fin' de yuther one.

"De Spring Lizzard had his eye on 'er, an' when she went out'n de room, he clomb up on de table an' got de letter, an' went back in de bucket ag'in. Dat evenin' de house-gal hatter fetch water fer de night, an' she let down de step-ladder an' went ter de spring. When she dip de bucket in, de Spring Lizzard, he slide out, an' went ter his bed un' de long green moss. 'Twan't long 'fo' Brer Rabbit had de letter, an' atter dat, 'twan't no time 'fo' Brer Deer know'd what de intents wuz. 'Twix' an' 'tween um dey got up a bag er gold, an' Brer Rabbit tuck it ter de spring whar de house-gal got water.

"De nex' mornin' de daughter come 'erse'f, kaze she wanter see what kinder man Brer Deer is. At de spring she fin' a bag er gold. She clap 'er han's an' holler out, 'Look what I fin'—fin', fin', fin'y! It's min'—min', min', min'y!' Brer Rabbit wuz settin' in de bushes, an' Brer Deer wa'n't fur off, an' dey bofe watch de gal a-prankin' an' dancin'; an' den, bimeby, Brer Deer went out whar she kin see 'im, an' he des walk up ter 'er an' say, 'Look what I fin'; honey, youer mine!' An' dat 'uz de way Brer Deer got ol' King Sun's daughter."

THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Author of* "The Crisis"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE BORDERLAND, begun in Collier's for December 5, deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Alleghanies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. At the opening of the story, David is living with his father in the Blue Ridge country. News reaches them that the Cherokees are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy. He first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. From his new home David witnesses the bombardment of the fort by British ships. His host meanwhile has fled the city. David is then sent to Temple's country seat, where he learns that his father has been killed by the Indians. Leaving his new home, the boy joins a backwoodsman traveling with his granddaughter, Polly Ann, toward their cabin in the Blue Ridge. After the three have been settled there for some time, Polly Ann's lover, Tom McChesney, unexpectedly returns from an Indian campaign. He loses no time in marrying the girl. With David as their companion, the McChesney couple begin a journey across the mountains, intending to reach Kentucky.

CHAPTER IX.—On the Wilderness Trail

AND now we had our hands upon the latch, and God alone knew what was behind the gate. Toil, with a certainty; but our lives had known it. Death, perchance. But Death had been near to all of us, and his presence did not frighten. As we climbed toward the Gap, I recalled with strange aptness a quaint saying of my father's that Kaintuckee was the Garden of Eden, and that men were being justly punished with blood for our presumption.

As if to crown that judgment, the day was dark and lowering, with showers of rain from time to time. And when we spoke—Polly Ann and I—it was in whispers. The trace was very narrow, with Daniel Boone's blazes, two years old, upon the trees, but the way was not over steep. Cumberland Mountain was as silent and deserted as when the first man had known it.

Alas, for the vanity of human presage! We gained the top and entered unmolested. No Eden suddenly dazzled our eyes, no splendor burst upon it. Nothing told us, as we halted in our weariness, that we had reached the Promised Land. The mists weighed heavily on the evergreens on the slopes and hid the ridges, and we passed that night in cold discomfort. It was the first of many without a fire.

The next day brought us to the Cumberland, tawny and swollen from the rains, and here we had to stop to fell trees to make a raft on which to ferry over our packs. We bound the logs together with grapevines, and as we worked my imagination painted for me many a red face peering from the bushes on the further shore. And when we got into the river and were caught and spun by the hurrying stream, I hearkened for a shot from the further bank. While Polly Ann and I were scrambling to get the raft landed, Tom and Weldon swam over with the horses. And so we lay the second night doletully in the rain. But not so much as a whimper escaped from Polly Ann. I have often told her since that the sorest trial she had was the guard she kept on her tongue—a hardship indeed for one of Irish inheritance. Many a pull had she lightened for us by a flash of humor.

The next morning the sun relented, and the wine of his dawn was wine indeed to our flagging hopes. Going down to wash at the river's brink, I heard a movement in the cane, and stood frozen and staring until a great, bearded head, black as tar, was thrust out between the stalks and looked at me with blinking red eyes. The next step revealed the hump of the beast, and the next his tasselled tail lashing his dirty brown quarters. I did not tarry longer, but ran to tell Tom. He made bold to risk a shot and light a fire, and thus we had buffalo meat for some days after.

We were still in the mountains. The trail led down the river for a bit through the worst of canebrakes, and every now and again we stopped while Tom and Weldon scouted. Once the roan mare made a dash through the brake, and, though Polly Ann burst through one way to head her off and I another, we reached the bank of Richland Creek in time to see her nose and the top of her pack above the brown water. There was nothing for it but to swim after her, which I did, and caught her quietly feeding in the cane on the other side. By great good fortune the other horse bore the powder.

"Drat you, Nancy," said Polly Ann to the mare as she handed me my clothes, "I'd sooner carry the pack myself than be bothered with you."

"Hush," said I, "the redskins will get us."

Polly Ann regarded me scornfully as I stood bedraggled before her.

"Redskins!" she cried. "Nonsense! I reckon it's all talk about redskins."

But we had scarce caught up ere we saw Tom standing rigid with his hand raised. Before him, on a mound bared of cane, were the charred remains of a fire. The sight of them transformed Weldon. His eyes glared again, even as when we had first seen him, curses escaped under his breath, and he would have darted into the cane had not Tom seized him sternly by the shoulder. As for me, my heart hammered against my ribs,

POLLY ANN HAS A MISHAP

and I grew sick with listening. It was at that instant that my admiration for Tom McChesney burst bounds, and that I got some real inkling of what woodcraft might be. Stepping silently between the tree trunks, his eyes bent on the leafy loam, he found a footprint here and another there, and suddenly he went into the cane with a sign to us to remain. It seemed an age before he returned. Then he began to rake the ashes, and, suddenly bending down, seized something in them—the broken bowl of an Indian pipe.

"Shawnees!" he said. "I reckoned so." It was at length the beseeching in Polly Ann's eyes that he answered.

"A war party—tracks three days old. They took poplar."

To take poplar was our backwoods expression for embarking in a canoe, the dugouts being fashioned from the great poplar trees.

I did not reflect then, as I have since and often, how great was the knowledge and resource Tom practiced that day. Our feeling for him (Polly Ann's and mine) fell little short of worship. In company ill at ease, in the forest he became silent and masterful—an unerring woodsman, capable of meeting the Indian on his own footing. And, strangest thought of all, he and many I could name who went into Kentucky, had escaped, by a kind of strange fate, being born in the north of Ireland. This was so of Andrew Jackson himself.

The rest of the day he led us in silence down the trace, his eye alert to penetrate every corner of the forest, his hand near the trigger of his long Deckard. I followed in boylike imitation, searching every thicket

for alien form and color, and yearning for stature and responsibility. As for poor Weldon, he would stride for hours at a time with eyes fixed ahead, a wild figure—ragged and fringed. And we knew that the soul within him was torn with thoughts of his dead wife and of his child in captivity. Again, when the trance left him, he was an addition to our little party not to be despised.

At dark Polly Ann and I carried the packs across a creek on a fallen tree, she taking one end and I the other. We camped there, where the loam was trampled and torn by countless herds of bison, and had only parched corn and the remains of a buffalo steak for supper, as the meal was mouldy from its wetting, and running low. When Weldon had gone a little distance up the creek to scout, Tom relented from the sternness which his vigilance imposed and came and sat down on a log beside Polly Ann and me.

"'Tis a hard journey, little girl," he said, patting her; "I reckon I done wrong to fetch you."

I can see him now, as the twilight settled down over the wilderness, his honest face red and freckled, but aglow with the tenderness it had hidden during the day, one big hand enfolding hers, and the other on my shoulder.

"Hark, Davy!" said Polly Ann, "he's fair tired of us already. Davy, take me back."

"Hush, Polly Ann," he answered, delighted at her raillery. "But I've a word to say to you. If we come on to the redskins, you and Davy make for the cane as hard as you kin kilter. Keep out of sight."

"As hard as we kin kilter!" exclaimed Polly Ann, indignantly. "I reckon not, Tom McChesney. Davy taught me to shoot long ago, afore you made up your mind to come back from Kaintuckee."

Tom chuckled. "So Davy taught you to shoot," he said and checked himself. "He ain't such a bad one with a pistol"—and he patted me—"but I allow ye'd better hunt kiver just the same. And if they ketch ye, Polly Ann, just you go along and pretend to be happy, and tear off a snatch of your dress now and then, if you get a chance. It wouldn't take me but a little time to run into Harrodstown or Boone's Station, from here and fetch a party to follow ye."

Two days went by—two days of strain in sunlight, and of watching and fitful sleep in darkness. But the Wilderness Trail was deserted. Here and there a lean-to—silent remnant of the year gone by—spoke of the little bands of emigrants which had once made their way so cheerfully to the new country. Again it was a child's doll, the rags of it beaten by the weather to a rusty hue. Every hour that we progressed seemed to justify the sagacity and boldness of Tom's plan, nor did it appear to have entered a painted skull that a white man would have the hardihood to try the trail this year. There were neither signs nor sounds save Nature's own, the hoot of the wood-owl, the distant bark of a mountain wolf, the whirr of a partridge as she left her brood. At length we could stand no more the repression that silence and watching put upon us, and when a rotten bank gave way and flung Polly Ann and the sorrel mare into a creek, even Weldon smiled as we pulled her, bedraggled and laughing, from the muddy water. This was after we had ferried the Rockcastle River.

Our trace rose and fell over height and valley, until we knew that we were come to a wonderland at last. We stood one evening on a spur as the setting sun flooded the natural park below us with a crystal light, and, striking a tall sycamore, turned its green to gold. We were now on the hills whence the water ran down to nourish the fat land, and I could scarce believe that the garden spot on which our eyes feasted could be the scene of the blood and suffering of which we had heard. Here at last was the fairyland of my childhood, the country beyond the Blue Wall.

With awe we went down the river that led into it, as though we were trespassers against God Himself,—as though He had made it too beautiful and too fruitful for the toilers of this earth. And you who read this a hundred years hence may not believe the marvels of it to the pioneer, and in particular to one born and bred in the scanty, hard soil of the mountains. Nature had made it for her park,—ay, and scented it with her own perfumes. Giant trees, which had watched generations come and go, some of which mayhap had been saplings when the Norman came to England, grew into groves,—the gnarled and twisted oak, and that godsend to the settlers, the sugar-maple; the coffee-tree with its drooping buds; the mulberry, the cherry, and the plum; the sassafras and the pawpaw; the poplar and the sycamore, slender maidens of the forest, garbed in daintier colors,—ay, and that resplendent brunette with the white flowers, the magnolia; and all underneath, in the green shade, enameled banks which the birds themselves sought to rival.

At length, one afternoon, we came to the grove of wild apple trees so lovingly spoken of by emigrants as the Crab Orchard, and where formerly they had delighted to linger. The plain near by was flecked with the brown backs of feeding buffalo, but we dared not stop, and pressed on to find a camp in the forest. As we walked in the filtered sunlight we had a great fright, Polly Ann and I. Shrill, discordant cries suddenly burst from the branches above us, and a flock of strange, green birds flecked with red flew over our heads. Even Tom, intent upon the trail, turned and laughed at Polly Ann as she stood clutching me.

"Shucks," said he, "they're only paroquets."

We made our camp in a little dell where there was short green grass by the brookside and steep banks overgrown with brambles on either hand. Tom knew the place, and declared that we were within thirty miles of the station. A giant oak had blown down across the water, and, cutting out a few branches of this, we spread our blankets under it on the turf. Tethering our faithful beasts, and cutting a quantity of pea-vine for their night's food, we lay down to sleep, Tom taking the first watch.

I had the second, for Tom trusted me now, and glorying in that trust I was alert and vigilant. A shy moon peeped at me between the trees, and was fantastically reflected in the water. The creek rippled over the limestone, and an elk screamed in the forest far beyond. When at length I had called Weldon to take the third watch I lay down with a sense of peace, soothed by the sweet odors of the night.

I awoke suddenly. I had been dreaming of Nick Temple and Temple Bow, and my father coming back to me there with a great gash in his shoulder like Weldon's. I lay for a moment dazed by the transition, staring through the gray light. Then I sat up, the

WITH AN AVALANCHE OF CRUMBLING EARTH THEY SLID INTO THE WATERS OF THE CREEK

soft stamping and snorting of the horses in my ears. The sorrel mare had her nose high, her tail twitching, but there was no other sound in the leafy wilderness. With a bound of returning sense I looked for Weldon. He had fallen asleep on the bank above, his body dropped across the trunk of the oak. I leaped on the trunk and made my way along it, stepping over him, until I reached and hid myself in the great roots of the tree on the bank above. The cold shiver of the dawn was in my body as I waited and listened. Should I wake Tom? The vast forest was silent, and yet in its shadowy depths my imagination drew moving forms. I hesitated.

The light grew: the boles of the trees came out, one by one, through the purple. The tangled mass down the creek took on a shade of green, and a faint breath came from the southward. The sorrel mare sniffed it, and stamped. Then silence again,—a long silence. Could it be that the cane moved in the thicket? Or had my eyes deceived me? I stared so hard that it seemed to rustle all over. Perhaps some deer were feeding there, for it was no unusual thing, when we rose in the morning, to hear the whistle of a startled doe near our camping ground. I was thoroughly frightened now,—and yet I had the speculative Scotch mind. The thicket was some one hundred and fifty yards above, and on the flooded lands at a bend. If there were Indians in it, they could not see the sleeping forms of our party under me because of a bend in the stream. They might have seen me, though I had kept very still in the twisted roots of the oak, and now I was cramped. If Indians were there, they could determine our position well enough by the occasional stamping and snorting of the horses. And this made my fear more probable, for I had heard that horses and cattle often warned pioneers of the presence of redskins.

Another thing: if they were a small party, they would probably seek to surprise us by coming out of the cane into the creek bed above the bend, and stalk down the creek. If a large band, they would surround and overpower us. I drew the conclusion that it must be a small party—if a party at all. And I would have given a shot in the arm to be able to see over the banks of this creek. Finally I decided to awake Tom.

It was no easy matter to get down to where he was without being seen by eyes in the cane. I clung to the under branches of the oak, finally reached the shelving bank, and slid down slowly. I touched him on the shoulder. He awoke with a start, and by instinct seized the rifle lying beside him.

"What is it, Davy?" he whispered.

I told what had happened and my surmise. He glanced then at the restless horses and nodded, pointing up at the sleeping figure of Weldon, in full sight on the log. The Indians must have seen him.

Tom picked up the spare rifle.

"Davy," said he, "you stay here beside Polly Ann, behind the oak. You kin shoot with a rest; but don't shoot," said he earnestly, "for God's sake don't shoot unless you're sure to kill."

I nodded. For a moment he looked at the face of Polly Ann, sleeping peacefully, and the fierce light faded from his eyes. He brushed her on the cheek and she awoke and smiled at him, trustfully, lovingly. He put his finger to his lips.

"Stay with Davy," he said. Turning to me, he added: "When you wake Weldon, wake him easy. So." He put his hand in mine, and gradually tightened it. "Wake him that way, and he won't jump."

Polly Ann asked no questions. She looked at Tom, and her soul was in her face. She seized the pistol from the blanket. Then we watched him creeping down the creek on his belly, close to the bank. Next we moved behind the fallen tree, and I put my hand in Weldon's. He woke with a sigh, started, but we drew him down behind the log. Presently he climbed cautiously up the bank and took station in the muddy roots of the tree. Then we waited, watching Tom with a prayer in our hearts. Those who have not felt it know not the fearfulness of waiting for an Indian attack.

At last Tom reached the bend in the bank, beside some red-bud bushes, and there he stayed. A level shaft of light shot through the forest. The birds, twittering, awoke. A great hawk soared high in the blue over our heads. An hour passed. I had sighted the rifle among the yellow leaves of the fallen oak a hundred times. But Polly Ann looked not once to the right or left. Her eyes and her prayers followed the form of her husband.

Then, like the cracking of a great drover's whip, a shot rang out in the stillness, and my hands tightened over the rifle-stock. A piece of bark struck me in the face, and a dead leaf fluttered to the ground. Almost instantly there was another shot, and a blue wisp of smoke rose from the red-bud bushes, where Tom was. The horses whinnied, there was a rustle in the cane, and silence. Weldon bent over.

"My God!" he whispered hoarsely, "he hit one. Tom hit one."

I felt Polly Ann's hand on my face.

"Davy dear," she said, "are ye hurt?"

"No," said I, dazed, and wondering why Weldon had not been shot long ago as he slumbered. I was burning to climb the bank and ask him whether he had seen the Indian fall.

Again there was silence,—a silence even more awful than before. The sun crept higher, the magic of his rays turning the creek from black to crystal, and the birds began to sing again. And still there was no sign of the treacherous enemy that lurked about us. Could Tom get back? I glanced at Polly Ann. The same question was written in her yearning eyes, staring at the spot where the gray of his hunting-shirt showed through the bushes at the bend. Suddenly her hand tightened on mine. The hunting-shirt was gone!

After that, in the intervals when my terror left me, I tried to speculate upon the plan of the savages. Their own numbers could not be great, and yet they must have known from our trace how few we were. Scanning the ground, I noted that the forest was fairly clean of undergrowth on both sides of us. Below, the stream ran straight, but there were growths of cane and briers. Looking up, I saw Weldon faced about. It was the obvious move.

But where had Tom gone?

Next my eye was caught by a little run fringed with bushes that curved around the cane near the bend. I traced its course, unconsciously, bit by bit, until it reached the edge of a bank not fifty feet away.

All at once my breath left me. Through the tangle of bramble stems at the mouth of the run, above naked brown shoulders there glared at me, hideously streaked with red, a face. Had my fancy lied? I stared again until my eyes were blurred, now tortured by doubt, now so completely convinced that my fingers almost released the trigger,—for I had thrown the sights into line over the tree. I know not to this day whether I shot from determination or nervousness. My shoulder bruised by the kick, the smoke like a veil before my face, it was some moments ere I knew that the air was full of whistling bullets; and then the gun was torn from my hands, and I saw Polly Ann ramming in a new charge.

"The pistol, Davy," she cried.

One torture was over, another on. Crack after crack sounded from the forest—from here and there and everywhere, it seemed—and with a song that like a hurtling insect ran the scale of notes, the bullets buried themselves in the trunk of our oak with a chug. Once in a while I heard Weldon's answering shot, but I remembered my promise to Tom not to waste powder unless I were sure. The agony was the breathing space we had while they crept nearer. Then we thought of Tom, and I dared not glance at Polly Ann for fear that the sight of her face would unnerve me.

Then a longing to kill seized me, a longing so strange and fierce that I could scarce be still. I know now that it comes in battle to all men, and with intensity to the hunted, and it explained to me more clearly what followed. I fairly prayed for the sight of a painted form, and time after time my fancy tricked me into the notion that I had one. And even as I searched the brambles at the top of the run a puff of smoke rose out of them, a bullet burying itself in the roots near Weldon, who fired in return. I say that I have some notion of what possessed the man, for he was crazed with passion at fighting the race which had so cruelly wronged him. Horror-struck, I saw him swing down from the bank, splash through the water with raised tomahawk, and gain the top of the run. In less time than it takes me to write these words he had dragged a hideous, naked warrior out of the brambles, and with an avalanche of crumbling earth they slid into the waters of the creek. Polly Ann and I stared transfixed at the fearful fight that followed, nor can I give any adequate description of it. Weldon had struck through the brambles, but the savage had taken the blow on his gun-barrel and broken the handle of the tomahawk, and it was man to man as they rolled in the shallow water, locked in a death embrace. Neither might reach for his knife, neither was able to hold the other down, Weldon's curses surcharged with hatred, the Indian straining silently save for a gasp or a guttural note, the white a bearded madman, the savage a devil with a glistening, paint-streaked body, his features now agonized as his muscles strained and cracked, now

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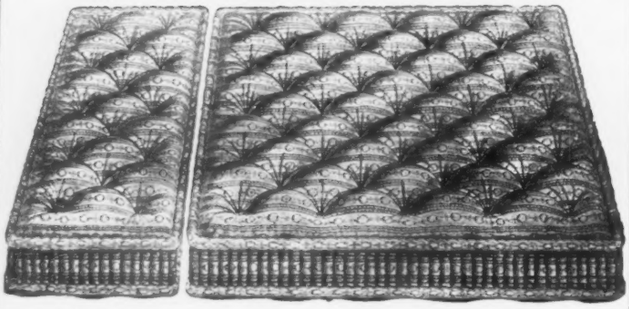

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lighted with a diabolical joy. But the pent-up rage of months gave the white man strength.

Polly Ann and I were powerless for fear of shooting Weldon, and gazed absorbed at the fiendish scene with eyes not to be withdrawn. The tree-trunk shook. A long, bronze arm reached out from above, and a painted face glowered at us from the very roots where Weldon had lain. That moment I took to be my last, and in it I seemed to taste all eternity. I heard but faintly a noise beyond. It was the shock of the heavy Indian falling on Polly Ann and me as we cowered under the trunk, and even then there was an instant that we stood gazing at him as at a worm writhing in the clay. It was she who fired the pistol and made the great hole in his head, and so he twitched and died. After that a confusion of shots, war-whoops, a vision of two naked forms flying from tree to tree toward the cane, and then—God be praised—Tom's voice shouting: "Polly Ann! Polly Ann!"

Before she had reached the top of the bank Tom had her in his arms, and a dozen tall gray figures leaped the six feet into the stream and stopped. My own eyes turned with theirs to see the body of poor Weldon lying face downward in the water. But beyond it a tragedy awaited me. Defiant, immovable, save for the heaving of his naked chest, the savage who had killed him stood erect with folded arms facing us. The smoke cleared away from a gleaming rifle barrel, and the brave staggered and fell and died as silent as he stood, his feathers making ripples in the stream. It was cold-blooded, if you like, but war in those days was to the death, and knew no mercy. The tall backwoodsman who had shot him waded across the stream, and in the twinkling of an eye seized the scalp-lock and ran it round with his knife, holding up the bleeding trophy with a shout. Staggering to my feet, I stretched myself, but I had been cramped so long that I tottered and would have fallen had not Tom's hand steadied me.

"Davy!" he cried. "Thank God, little Davy! the varmints didn't get ye."

"And you, Tom?" I answered, looking up at him, bewildered with happiness.

"They was nearer than I suspicioned when I went off," he said, and looked at me curiously. "Drat the little deevil," he said affectionately, and his voice trembled, "he took care of Polly Ann, I'll warrant."

He carried me to the top of the bank, where we were surrounded by the whole band of backwoodsmen.

"That he did!" cried Polly Ann, "and fetched a redskin yonder as clean as you could have done it, Tom."

"The little deevil!" exclaimed Tom again.

I looked up, burning with this praise from Tom (for I had never thought of praise not of anything save his happiness and Polly Ann's). I looked up, and my eyes were caught and held with a strange fascination by fearless blue ones that gazed down into them. I give you but a poor description of the owner of these blue eyes, for personal magnetism springs not from one feature or another. He was a young man—perhaps five-and-twenty as I now know age—woodsman clad, square-built, sun-reddened. His hair might have been orange in one light and sand-colored in another. With a boy's sense of such things I knew that the other woodsmen were waiting for him to speak, for they glanced at him expectantly.

"You had a near call, McChesney," said he, at length; "fortunate for you we were after this band—shot some of it to pieces yesterday morning." He paused, looking at Tom with that quality of tribute which comes naturally to a leader of men. "By God," he said, "I didn't think you'd try it."

"My word is good, Colonel Clark," answered Tom simply.

Young Colonel Clark glanced at the lithe figure of Polly Ann. He seemed a man of few words, for he did not add to his praise of Tom's achievement by complimenting her as Captain Sevier had done. In fact, he said nothing more, but leaped down the bank and strode into the water where the body of Weldon lay, and dragged it out himself. We gathered around it silently, and two great tears rolled down Polly Ann's cheeks as she parted the hair with tenderness and loosened the clinched hands. Nor did any of the tall woodsmen speak. Poor Weldon! The tragedy of his life and death was the tragedy of Kentucky herself. They buried him by the waterside, where he had fallen.

But there was little time for mourning on the border. The burial finished, the Kentuckians splashed across the creek, and one of them, stooping with a shout at the mouth of the run, lifted out of the brambles a painted body with drooping head and feathers trailing.

"Ay, Mac," he cried, "here's a sculp for ye."

"It's Davy's," exclaimed Polly Ann from the top of the bank, "Davy shot that one."

"Hooray for Davy!" cried a huge, strapping backwoodsman who stood beside her, and the others laughingly took up the shout, "Hooray for Davy. Bring him over, Cowan." The giant threw me on his shoulder as though I had been a fox, leaped down, and took the stream in two strides. I little thought how often he was to carry me in days to come, but I felt a great awe at the strength of him, as I stared into his rough features and his veined and weathered skin. He stood me down beside the Indian's body, smiled as he whipped my knife from my belt, and said, "Now, Davy, take the sculp."

Nothing loth, I seized the Indian by the long scalp-lock, while my big friend guided my hand, and amid laughter and cheers I cut off my first trophy of war. Nor did I have any other feeling than fierce hatred of the race which had killed my father.

Those who have known armies in their discipline will find it difficult to understand the leadership of the border. Such leadership was granted only to those whose force and individuality compelled men to obey them. I had my first glimpse of it that day. This

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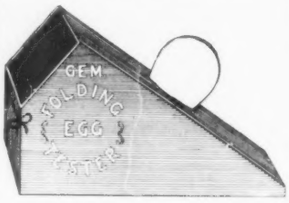

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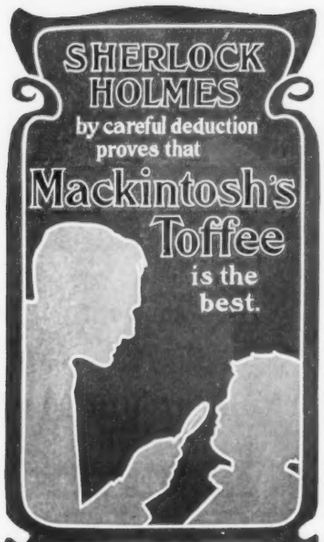

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Colonel Clark to whom Tom delivered Mr. Robertson's letter was perchance the youngest man in the company that had rescued us, saving only a slim lad of seventeen whom I noticed and envied, and whose name was James Ray. Colonel Clark, so I was told by my friend, Cowan, held that title in Kentucky by reason of his prowess.

Clark had been standing quietly on the bank while I had scalped my first redskin. Then he called Tom McChesney to him and questioned him closely about our journey, the signs we had seen, and, finally, the news in the Watauga settlements.

While this was going on the others gathered round them.

"What now?" asked Cowan, when he had finished.

"Back to Harrodstown," answered the Colonel shortly.

There was a brief silence, followed by a hoarse murmur from a thick-set man at the edge of the crowd, who shouldered his way to the centre of it.

"We set out to hunt a fight, and my pluck is to clean up. We ain't finished 'em yet."

The man had a deep, coarse voice that was a piece with his roughness.

"I reckon this band ain't a-goin' to harry the station any more, McGary," cried Cowan.

"By Job, what did we come out for? Who'll take the trail with me?"

There were some who answered him, and straightway they began to quarrel among themselves, filling the woods with a babel of voices. While I stood listening to these disputes with a boy's awe of a man's quarrel, what was my astonishment to feel a hand on my shoulder. It was Colonel Clark's, and he was not paying the least attention to the dispute.

"Davy," said he, "you look as if you could make a fire."

"Yes, sir," I answered, gasping.

"Well," said he, "make one."

I lighted a piece of punk with the flint, and, wrapping it up in some dry brush, soon had a blaze started. Looking up, I caught his eye on me again.

"Mrs. McChesney," said Colonel Clark to Polly Ann, "you look as if you could make johnny-cake. Have you any meal?"

"That I have," cried Polly Ann, "though it's fair mouldy. Davy, run and fetch it."

I ran to the pack on the sorrel mare. When I returned Mr. Clark said, "That seems a handy boy, Mrs. McChesney."

"Handy!" cried Polly Ann, "I reckon he's more than handy. Didn't he save my life twice on our way out here?"

"And how was that?" said the Colonel.

"Run and fetch some water, Davy," said Polly Ann, and straightway launched forth into a vivid description of my exploits as she mixed the meal. Nay, she went so far as to tell how she came by me. The young Colonel listened gravely, though with a gleam now and then in his blue eyes. Leaning on his long rifle, he paid no manner of attention to the angry voices near by—which conduct to me was little short of the marvelous.

"Now, Davy," said he at length, "the rest of your history."

"There is little of it, sir," I answered. "I was born in the Yadkin country, lived alone with my father, who was a Scotchman. He hated a man named Cameron, took me to Charlestown, and left me with some kin of his who had a place called Temple Bow, and went off to fight Cameron and the Cherokees." There I gulped. "He was killed at Cherokee Ford, and—and I ran away from Temple Bow, and found Polly Ann."

This time I caught something of surprise on the Colonel's face.

"By thunder, Davy," said he, "but you have a clean gift for brief narrative. Where did you learn it?"

"My father was a gentleman once, and taught me to speak and read," I answered, as I brought a flat piece of limestone for Polly Ann's baking.

"And what would you like best to be when you grow up, Davy?" he asked.

"Six feet," said I, so promptly that he laughed.

"Faith," said Polly Ann, looking at me comically, "he may be many things, but I'll warrant he'll never be that."

I have often thought since that young Mr. Clark showed much of the wisdom of the famous king of Israel on that day. Polly Ann cooked a piece of a deer which one of the woodsmen had with him, and the quarrel died of itself when we sat down to this and the johnny-cake. By noon we had taken up the trace for Harrodstown, marching with scouts ahead and behind. Mr. Clark walked mostly alone, seemingly wrapped in thought. At times he had short talks with different men, oftenest—I noted with pride—with Tom McChesney. And more than once when he halted he called me to him, my answers to his questions seeming to amuse him. Indeed, I became a kind of pet with the backwoodsmen, Cowan often flinging me to his shoulder as he swung along. The pack was taken from the sorrel mare and divided among the party, and Polly Ann made to ride that we might move the faster.

It must have been the next afternoon, about four, that the rough stockade of Har-

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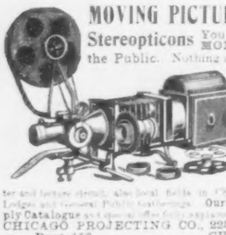

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rodstown greeted our eyes as we stole cautiously to the edge of the forest. And the sight of no roofs and spires could have been more welcome than that of these logs and cabins, broiling in the midsummer sun. At a little distance from the fort, a silent testimony of siege, the stumpy, cleared fields were overgrown with weeds, tall and rank, the corn choked. Nearer the stockade, where the keepers of the fort might venture out at times, a more orderly growth met the eye. It was young James Ray whom Colonel Clark singled to creep with our message to the gates. At six, when the smoke was rising from the stone chimneys behind the palisades, Ray came back to say that all was well. Then we went forward quickly, hands waved a welcome above the logs, the great wooden gates swung open, and at last we had reached the haven for which we had suffered so much. Mangy dogs barked at our feet, men and women ran forward joyfully to seize our hands and greet us.

And so we came to Kaintuckee.

TO BE CONTINUED

NUGENT ROBINSON

NUGENT ROBINSON, journalist, traveler, clubman, the friend of Wilkie Collins and Lord Roberts, died at his residence in New York the day after Christmas. The cause of his death was a sharp attack of pneumonia. The deceased was a native of Ireland, being born in the city of Dublin in the year 1838. His alma mater was the famous Trinity College, Dublin, where he took high honors upon his graduation, at the age of nineteen. Mr. Robinson's journalistic apprenticeship was served in London, and in the course of this training he became associated with such men as O'Shea and T. P. O'Connor. In 1870 the London "Daily Chronicle" sent him to the Continent to act as correspondent during the Franco-German War. Six years later Mr. Robinson received a call to the United States. He was here given editorial charge of Frank Leslie's periodical publications, a duty he performed until 1888. His next literary experience was in the nature of pioneer work, for he took service with COLLIER'S WEEKLY as its first editor, the opening number of this paper being issued on April 28, 1888. At the age of fifty-three he retired from active journalism, and, though not entirely relinquishing literary pursuits, devoted most of his time to social life and foreign travel. Thus did he become a well-known personage at the capitals of England, France, Austria, and Russia, numbering among his acquaintances Sir Henry Irving, Sir Conan Doyle, Madame Albani, "Ouida," and the Czar. Mr. Robinson, a cousin to the Earl of Westmeath,—head of the Nugent family and holder of a title three hundred years old,—is survived by three sons, all residing in America.

THE ORIGINAL OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

(Continued from Page 15)

A woman was charged with the poisoning of her husband. Arsenic had been found in the stomach of the dead man. The prosecution failed, however, to prove that the woman had purchased arsenic. As the law in the British Isles is very explicit and severe in its restriction of the sale of poisons, and at all times is strictly enforced, the defence made much of the failure of the prosecution to prove the purchasing of the arsenic. No poison in class A—in which class arsenic is placed—can be bought at any chemist's shop unless the sale is entered in the Government Poison Book—a book kept specially for that purpose. The signatures of vender, buyer, and a witness, known to both parties, must be attached. No record of the sale of arsenic could be found in any of the city druggists' establishments. Sir Henry's attention was called to this fact by the attorney for the defence.

"So you found arsenic in the stomach of the deceased?" inquired the lawyer.

"I did," answered Sir Henry, in his usual quick and decided manner.

"But where could the arsenic have been procured?" questioned the attorney. "We have no record of the sale!"

"Why," retorted Little-John scornfully, "there is enough arsenic in the room where the man slept to poison a small army, right at hand, on the very walls of the room itself. The green wall-paper, with which the walls of the room are covered, is saturated with arsenic."

"True, perhaps," replied the man of law, "but surely the defendant is not sufficiently versed in chemistry—she is certainly not well enough educated—to understand the process of extracting arsenic from wall-paper, even if the wall-paper contains arsenic—which is very, very doubtful."

"Some women's intuition is greater than certain men's knowledge," answered Sir Henry, pointedly and dryly.

The cross-examining lawyer immediately ceased his questioning. The woman later admitted her crime, and Little-John again scored.

The University, with its associations, with its antiquity, with the respect and affection shown professors by students, with the unlimited trouble taken by professors with the students, and the general atmosphere and environments of both the University and Edinburgh itself, had undoubtedly an influence upon Conan Doyle's literary work, and a potent influence at that.

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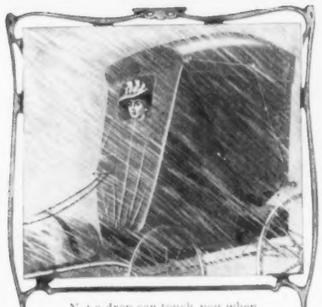

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I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, for it is dangerous to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met, and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 tests, I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

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LOVE SONGS

By Percy MacKaye

I

HER glance is a garland of woven stars,
Her smile is a wreath of the roses red,
And her laugh is a snatch of melliferous bars
That Bobolinks sing when the brooks are wed
And leap, at dawn, from the cascade's bed.

Oh, she flung her garland on to the ground,
But I knelt and carried it in her train;
Oh, her wreath she lost, but I quickly found
And proffer'd it, tied with a kiss — and then
The Bobolinks they sang again.

II

Good-by! as precious as thou art,
I leave thee silently.
Absence is Autumn to the heart
That's severed, dear, from thee.

My exile is a leafless clime
Wherein no bird may sing —
Love's Winter; the returning-time
That — *that* is Spring.

III

Never for me doth streamlet start
But stirs another in my heart;
No bird flies singing to its nest
But meets its mate within my breast.

The spirit that upleaps and wings —
The passion at the heart of things —
Glows not through the dreams of the waking year
As you through all my soul, my dear.

IV

The soft rains are falling
On wild-rose and vine.
The far winds are calling
To dark cliff and pine.

The big wave is rocking
The gull on its breast;
The surges are knocking
With joyous unrest.

There's a spirit in the sky, love,
That pants for the sea,
But the heart that beats nigh, love,
Beats higher for thee.

Behind the Scenes in Washington

By F. A. EMERY

Making Sure of Things

SENATOR SPOONER of Wisconsin, one of the wheelhorses of the Republican party, has innocently played a role in a bit of comedy far removed from the calcium lights of the stage. The correspondent of a well-known newspaper in the East and a young and zealous friend, who holds strange ideas of the necessities of journalistic assignments, completed the cast in this one-night stand performance. The correspondent, accompanied by his friend of college days, went to the Senator's house in the evening to interview him on a political matter. The doorbell was rung once, twice, thrice. Evidently the Senator was not in. The correspondent turned away.

"What!" ejaculated the friend, "satisfied so easily?"

"Certainly. House all dark; no answer to doorbells; no sound. Spooner's out."

The friend grunted his disapproval of this quick conclusion and announced that he had a theory of his own. Both were strong, athletic. One was a trained newspaper man, who sizes up situations instantly; the other a zealot of an outsider. The latter "shinned" up a tree in front of the house and said he calculated to know, not to think. He climbed up and up, and finally the narrowing trunk of the tree bent dangerously under his weight. But the man who was not willing to take anything for granted took no heed of danger. All was still for a minute. Then from his lofty perch he called: "Nobody in third story."

Once more there was quiet. Then the tree shook and the leaves rustled. A young man ceased craning his neck and whispered: "Looks like everybody's out. Nobody in second story."

Just then a carriage wheeled up to the curb, and the Senator's short, stout figure emerged. There was no time for warning, and the man up the tree was too busy inspecting the interior of the first floor from his post of vantage to notice the arrival.

"Good-evening, Senator," said the correspondent, and the two shook hands and began talking.

"Say," came a whisper from somewhere aloft in the darkness, "I guess he's out after all." The correspondent concealed his frantic motions to the man up the tree and talked louder to the Senator to drown the whisper that couldn't be stopped.

"No one in first story either," rang out from the tree. The newspaper man breathed

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Surplus for Stock	$ 26,524.79

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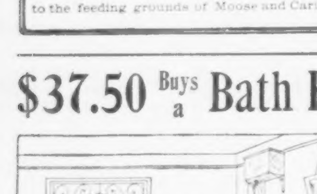

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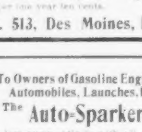

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heavily and was almost desperate. His gesticulations, concealed from the Senator but wasted in the darkness, were fairly wild.

A moment later there was a crash through the foliage, and the man who had been taking observations tumbled on all fours at the feet of the Senator and the scribe. The Senator ejaculated his surprise. The correspondent glared at party number three. The latter whispered, "Nobody in; you were right," and started to rise.

It was a critical moment for the correspondent. He had to face an embarrassing situation and he did it nobly. He refused to recognize his friend. "Strange proceedings," he suggested; "wholly unwarrantable intrusion."

"Very much so," answered the Senator, trying to recover his breath at the shock. The man who had fallen was dumbstruck at the turn of affairs.

The quick action saved the day. The ruse worked. The friend was successfully passed off as an intruding stranger, and the Wisconsin statesman was none the wiser when he went indoors a minute later.

A Genuine Impromptu

THE late President McKinley was a firm advocate of putting every man on his mettle in order to bring out his good points. His ideas in this respect are attributable to a trick played upon him long before he became a factor in national politics. Former Senator Manderson of Nebraska, now general counsel of one of the great trunk lines of the West, played the cards that taught the future President his lesson. Only a few intimates of the two statesmen ever knew of the incident, and the story is one of the most interesting among those that are still coming out about the martyred President.

It was back in the campaign of 1868. Major McKinley was then just beginning to broaden out as a stump speaker among the Republican clans in State politics. Major McKinley and General Manderson were asked to make speeches at Greentown, Ohio. They accepted. The two travelled together. They had a long drive through lonesome country and they fell to talking about the speechmaking. Manderson suggested that McKinley, as the younger man, should speak first. McKinley demurred and politely offered to give place to Manderson. The latter's eyes twinkled. "Let me look over your speech," he said, "so that we won't trespass on each other's field." McKinley had written his speech very carefully, and he delved into his pocket and gave it to his friend. The latter read it over and, remarking that it was a splendid effort, returned it. Evening came; likewise the festal speechmaking event. The Stars and Stripes gleamed everywhere, the bands played gayly, the people who had come in from all the highways and byways and hedges of the county waxed enthusiastic. It was a great event, and it was meet that the orators should warm up to the magnitude of the occasion with becoming fervor of tone and soundness of doctrine. Manderson spoke first. McKinley watched the crowd. Then he pricked up his ears. For a moment he was dazed. Manderson was reeling off the speech McKinley had so laboriously prepared. McKinley thought there must be a mistake, but still Manderson talked on and on, and confined himself to McKinley's own framework of thought.

It was a trying hour for the future President and his heart sank at the humiliation he was sure was in store for him. He pictured his shambling attempt to speak and the weak-kneed feeling that was inevitable. Manderson closed, and, as he resumed his seat, winked at McKinley. The latter arose. For a moment he thought he would like to be back in Canton, but only for a moment. He clutched at a subject left untouched by Manderson and struck out boldly. He threw his whole soul into the effort. He waxed eloquent, and expounded views that were broad and sound and imbedded in clear, concise Queen's English. It was a noble effort crowned with success. It was one of the most brilliant perorations of that campaign in the old Buckeye State. When finally he sat down the crowd applauded uproariously.

Manderson and McKinley rode back together. "It was a mean trick to take that advantage of me," suggested McKinley.

"It's the turning-point in your life," said Manderson. "I wanted to see what there was in you and I found out."

A Winter Hardship

SENATOR PROCTOR of Vermont has a constituent who rejoices in the name of Mike Quinn, who first saw the light of day in the "ould counthry." Quinn staked his claim to business patronage in Rutland in the days when a great influx of foreigners followed the opening of railroad construction work in that commonwealth. Quinn opened a livery stable, and when he hung out his sign the "Mike" was missing. He said it didn't suit him, and his name forthwith was M. Quinn.

One day a friend who had been, figuratively speaking, down in the heels, dropped into his office. He told Quinn that he had been unlucky all his life; in fact, was born under the guiding star of misfortune.

"Faith," replied Quinn, "and Oi'm with yer in thot. Whin Oi was a bhoy Oi had nivir a sint and Oi wint hungry m'ny's ther toime. Oi used to go barefooted, but that wasn't so harrud. But Oi did used to moind it a bit when skatin' toime came and Oi had to run the dommed spoike up my heel to keep the skate on."

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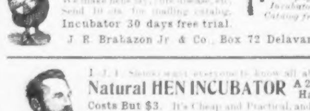

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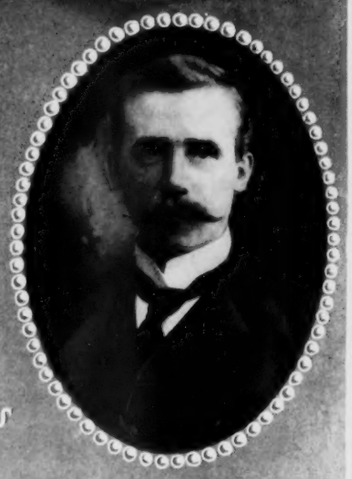

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